

The Enterprise.

VOL. 6.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1901.

NO. 51.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect
February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.
6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until
3:51 P. M., 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:05, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until
7:51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8:39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49,
10:21, 10:33, 11:25.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry De-
pot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and
every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:30 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to
conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sun-
days, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m. Money order office open
7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North. 7:05 12:30
South. 4:10 4:30

MAIL CLOSURES.

North. 4:30 12:30
South. 6:30 4:30

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every
Sunday in Grace Church. Morning
service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at
7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See
local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every
Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen
of the World, meets every Wednesday
evening at Journeymen Butchers'
Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen
Butchers' Protective and Benevo-
lent Association, will meet every
Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen
Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck. Redwood City
P. P. Chamberlain. Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger. Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock. Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward. Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson. Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield. Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker. Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton. Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe. Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert. Redwood City

HEALTH OF ARMY.

Surgeon-General Sternberg Gives
an Encouraging Report.

Washington. — Surgeon-Gen'l Stern-
berg has made his annual report to the
Secretary of War. He says the health
of the Army has been unusually good
during the calendar year 1900.

In the Philippine Islands, with a
mean strength of 66,882 the admission
rate was 2621.96, as compared with
2395.52 in the previous year, this in-
crease being mainly due to sickness
among the volunteers. The regulars,
on the other hand, showed a marked
decrease in the ratio of admission for
disease, which fell from 2454.10 to
2197.74. Two-thirds of the admissions
for disease were caused by malarial
fevers and diarrhoeal diseases. Since
the close of the calendar year of 1900
the health of the troops in the Philip-
pines has been steadily improving.
The health of the troops in Cuba dur-
ing the year was excellent. As a result
of American occupation nearly every
city and town had had its sanitary
condition improved.

Speaking of special diseases, General
Sternberg says: "The steady decrease
of late years in the admissions for
alcoholism among the men of the regu-
lar army is a matter for congratula-
tion."

General Sternberg says the results of
the investigation of yellow fever are of
far reaching importance, as the sur-
geons are now in possession of knowl-
edge which enables them to stamp out
the disease.

Anarchistic Lecturer Jailed.

San Francisco.—Sidney D. France, a
street lecturer with anarchistic tenden-
cies, who has been holding forth night-
ly at the intersection of Grant avenue
and Market street, was showered with
rotten eggs Saturday night, and when
the police seemingly paid no heed to
his demands for protection, he roused
the crowd with incendiary language
against the authorities and was finally
arrested by Policemen Sam Royston
and T. J. Smith and charged at the
Hall of Justice with disturbing the
peace.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Helpful Suggestions For the
Agriculturist.

HINTS THAT ARE INTERESTING.

Some Good Advice for the Ruralists—A
Budget of Knowledge That May
Prove Beneficial.

WHITEWASH FOR THE HEN HOUSE.

The way to make whitewash for the
hen house is to take fresh unslacked
lime, use an old iron kettle that will
hold about four gallons of water, first
fill the kettle about one-third full of
the lime, then pour water over it, stir-
ring and lifting it up a little at a time
to let the air penetrate, having a
bucket full of water near by to fill in
with as fast as needed. When it gets
done bubbling and is smooth paste, at
once, while it is still hot, apply to the
walls. A small broom, not a whisk
broom with a short handle, but a
child's broom we always thought was
better than a whitewash brush to put
it on with or a house broom that is
about half worn away. It goes on
faster and thicker with the broom than
with a brush.

I have seen many different ways for
mixing whitewash, nearly all of which
say to put other things in with it, but
I could never see the necessity for it,
for if you simply want a whitening
surface for inside work there is nothing
whiter than pure lime whitewash, and
for killing germs, lice, mites, etc.,
there is nothing that you can add to it,
when made fresh, and put on fresh,
that will kill the germs or pests any
quicker or any deader. Nothing added
to it will purify or sweeten the atmos-
phere about the place any better.

I have seen it used for outside work
on the walls of rough buildings, fences,
etc. It will last about a year and look
very well. I have even seen coloring
powders added for the trimmings, and
for outside work it might be that mix-
ing other things in, such as rice, water
etc., that it would stay on better. But
there is a paint now on the market
called Asbestos Cold Water paint,
which is almost as cheap as lime and it
comes in the shape of a finely ground
powder, to be mixed with cold water.
We used some of it about a year ago,
paying ten cents per pound for it. It
stays on all right, but it has none of
the disinfecting qualities of the lime
wash, and I would not recommend it
for inside walls, where something of
this nature is needed. I don't know
what is in it only the asbestos. Five
pounds of it will cover 300 square feet,
one coat, good and strong. We divided
ours, making one very thin coat, and
the next thicker. It is considerably
less expensive than oil paint and I think
if mixed and put on according to di-
rections would last as long.—Exchange.

WATERING HORSES.

To the casual observer and the ordi-
nary horse owner it will appear to be a
very inappropriate matter to speak of
watering horses. Almost any farmer
knows enough to water his horse with
great regularity and not to water them
when in a heated condition. This is all
granted, and yet a great many farmers
pursue the practice of watering horses
at unseemly times. It is a common
practice among farmers to water the
teams upon coming out of the field at
noon, or night, and again after the
meal at noon. We have known farmers
after dinner that they would send a
hired man or a boy back who had
neglected to offer a team water. We
have studied this problem for years
and have practiced watering horses in
a certain way.

We never had a horse hurt drink-
ing water, even when quite warm,
although we know there is some dan-
ger in doing so. We have always
watered horses when warm, letting
them take a few swallows, then hold-
ing them away from the water a few
moments before allowing them to sat-
isfy their thirst. Horses do very well
on this plan. As to watering horses
after dinner, we never believed in it
and hence never practiced it. At the
noon meal the horse has a stomach full
of grain and hay, and to take on a
copious load of water soon after eating
will wash the undigested food out of
the stomach into the intestines, which
is fruitful of colic and other stomach
disorders. Some say the reason they
water horses after eating is because
the horses want water then. If the
horse is to be the judge of what is best
for him, why not turn him to the oat
bin or let him run in a corn field when
not at work? Why not as well let a
horse eat his fill as to let him drink his
fill, when it will be a direct injury?
If a horse always knows what is best
for him there is no need of placing re-
straint on either his eating or drinking.
It is argued that the wild horse will
take care of himself, but under the con-
ditions which man has provided for
him he must be cared for. A horse will
show his care very quickly, and many
of them show what manner of horse-
men their owners are by their appear-
ance. The stomach of a horse is small,
and not like that of a cow. The man
who persists in watering his horses
after eating will find that it will soon
result in a chronic disease.

Where it can be done, a good prac-
tice is to water a horse about thirty
minutes before he is fed his grain. If
it cannot be done then, a very good
time is to water immediately before
the grain is fed. If water must be
given after eating, it should not be fur-
nished for two hours. This is a simple

rule that any horse owner can under-
stand, and if it is practiced much
trouble will be avoided.—Iowa Home-
stead.

BUYING STOCKERS AND FEEDERS.

Skilled breeders and those with prac-
tical knowledge who buy or breed cat-
tle for market, notice a marked differ-
ence in the readiness of animals of
varying types and make-up, to put on
flesh easily and in such shape and
quality as to secure the highest market
price. It requires a well-disciplined
eye to discover in all cases the prob-
able change of condition in the stocker
and feeder; but there are some early
distinctions that are easily observed.
There are certain types of cattle for
example, that never feed profitably
under any conditions. It is therefore
quite as necessary to distinguish the
bad ones as to be able to pick out the
good ones. The types that make the
paying gains are far more difficult to
detect in stockers than in fatted cat-
tle.

Though the yearling steer may be in
poor condition, and needing the thick,
even covering of the ribs and back so
highly important in the perfect beast,
he may have the blocky frame and
squareness of build, on short, straight
legs, full crops and deep flanks, promi-
nent brisket, full neck vein, wide chest
and well-rounded barrel, with a soft,
mellow handling skin and fine silky
hair, a thick mossy coat, without
coarseness, and also a strong, vigorous
head, clear, full eye, with a kind dispo-
sition.

The importance of an even covering
of flesh and good handling quality can
hardly be overestimated. The bone
should be fine and clean; coarseness
either in bone or about the head is par-
ticularly found fault with as it indi-
cates roughness of texture throughout
and a greater percentage of offal and
cheap meat, as well as a tendency to
sluggish circulation. The head should
show a certain refinement, finish and
vigor that will indicate quality and
superior excellence of finished product,
though you must be careful not to mis-
take delicacy for refinement.—Vero,
Pulaski Co., Va.

WHY STRIPPINGS ARE RICH.

In referring to the matter of rich
strippings, or last of the milk, Hood
Farm Topics says:

"Numerous explanations have been
given of the reason why strippings, or
that portion of the milk which is last
drawn from the udder, is the richest in
butter fat. One of the most generally
accepted explanations is that the but-
ter fat, being of such a low specific
gravity compared with the watery por-
tions of the udder, just as it does when
the milk is set for cream raising.
When the cream so rises, it naturally
follows that it will be the last to come
away in the operation of milking.
"That there is a very marked difference
in the quality of milk first drawn from
the cow, compared with that which
comes away towards the finish, was
clearly shown by an experiment car-
ried out some time ago by an expert.
He found that while the average per-
centage of butter fat in the first half
pint of milk withdrawn from a cow
worked out only 1.32 per cent, the but-
ter fat in the strippings, or the last
half pint, amounted to over 9 per cent.
There was hardly any difference in the
percentage of the other solids present
in the last drawn compared with the
first drawn milk."

The Horticultural Commissioner of
Washington says that the trouble with
the pear trees in Eastern Washington
is not the blight as has been supposed,
but was caused by the late freezes of
last spring.

HOW TO TRAIN A CALF.

Some of our advanced dairymen differ
greatly in their opinions on how to
manage the calf immediately after
birth. One may say: "I prefer to take
the calf away as soon as born rather
than be troubled caring for sore teats
of the cow. Use for convenience a shal-
low and broad metal pail, milking for
a large calf three quarts, for a small
calf about two quarts of milk. Then,
after gently caressing the calf, stroking
the neck or back with the hand or talk-
ing kindly to it, place the milk under
its nose and the fingers touching the
lips, but not in the mouth; soon it will
begin to try to get hold of your fingers;
then gently push its nose down into the
milk, and in its efforts to get hold of
your fingers it will get a taste of the
milk and is very apt to begin to drink.
A little patience and kindness will meet
with success. After it has been taught
to drink you will find it much better to
always place it in a stanchion at feed-
ing time and let it remain there a short
time after it gets through eating, so
that it will not form the habit of suck-
ling the other calves' ears." Some
others prefer to let calves remain with
their mothers until they are three or
four days old. Probably the latter has
more followers than the former. It is
evident that either proceeding gives
good results and may be adopted
without detriment to the future wel-
fare of the cows.

APPLES FOR CIDER.

Apples intended for cider should not
be piled on the ground, for they will
soon acquire an earthy flavor, says
Orange Judd Farmer. This will taint
the cider and lower its quality. Nei-
ther should they be stored in closed bins
without free circulation of air. Decay
soon sets in and loss of quality is sure
to result. Lay down some boards
under the trees and upon these place
the apples, which are to go to the cider
mill. They will keep very well in that
way but it is advisable to get them to
the mill as soon as possible.

Young fowls need crushed bone in
some form to develop good blood, bone
and feathers.

CONTEST OVER ESTATE

Daughters of Mrs. Carmen de
McKinlay Not Satisfied.

ALL WANT TO BE ADMINISTRATORS

Claim Made That the Dead Woman
Was Not Entirely Sound
of Mind.

Salinas.—There promises to be some
hotly contested litigation over the set-
tlement of the estate of the late Mrs.
Carmen Ames de McKinlay, which
may involve some of the members of
the late General Vallejo's family. Two
petitions for letters of administration
of the estate have been filed in the Su-
perior Court here, one by Mrs. Ellen
Rianda of Watsonville and the other by
S. J. Duckworth of Monterey. Mrs.
Rianda and Mrs. Duckworth are sis-
ters. Mrs. A. Mench of Watsonville
and Mrs. F. Arano of Amesti, Santa
Cruz County, sisters of the deceased,
will also apply for letters.

RAILROAD SUITS.

Denver Men Want Damages for
Alleged Infringement.

Denver (Col.).—The News to-day
says: Fifteen suits, aggregating nearly
\$1,500,000, have been filed in the Fed-
eral Court in this city. These suits
are against all the principal railroads
having representatives in Denver. A
larger batch will be filed in Chicago
and New York, and the total sum asked
for will be greatly increased. The suits
have been brought by Colonel G. W.
Cook, formerly connected with the Den-
ver and Rio Grande Railway. They are
aimed at all the railways and car com-
panies in the United States and Cana-
da. They involve adjudication of a pa-
tent car brake which was originated in
Denver nearly twenty years ago. The
suits are for infringement of the brake,
the principles of which are alleged now
to be in actual application on every
railroad on the continent. The patent
was issued March 27, 1883, to Simon P.
Wyller, Sylvanus Wance and George
Reisch, all of Denver. Wyller is now
master mechanic of the Missouri Pa-
cific Road at Sedalia, Mo.

THROWN FROM A HORSE.

Miss Wallace, an Actress, Hurt in an
Accident in Monterey County.

Salinas.—Miss Wallace, an actress,
who is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fay
of San Francisco at the Whitlock
ranch, on the Carmel road, met with a
serious accident Thursday afternoon.
Miss Wallace, who had never ridden a
horse before, decided that she would
make an attempt, despite the caution-
ing of her friends. The horse started
off at a gentle trot and soon began to
travel faster. Miss Wallace became
alarmed and screamed, causing the
horse to jump. Miss Wallace was
thrown off and struck upon her knees
on the sharp edge of a sharp rock.
She was picked up unconscious, and
an examination showed that she had
received a bad cut on the right leg
above the kneecap, the bone being ex-
posed. Miss Wallace was brought to
Salinas for medical treatment. The
physicians hope to save the injured
limb.

PRUNE MARKET DULL.

Little Fruit Going Forward and Few
Inquiries Received.

San Jose.—The dullness of the prune
market indicates a repetition of last
year's conditions. Scarcely any prunes
are going forward and no inquiries are
being received. The directors give it
as their opinion that it is the natural
result of the movement on the part of
a portion of the association members to
place the organization in the hands of
receivers. Packers say it is the natural
outcome of the unsettled conditions,
and the drop made by the association
of one-quarter of a cent a few days ago.
The signs of the past few days seem
to augur a larger success for the asso-
ciation than has seemed likely. There
seems no likelihood of the movement
to place the association in the hands of
receivers succeeding. It is quite possi-
ble that the association will handle
one-half of the produce of the State and
the several packers the remainder.
Whether the latter will act in harmony
or not is not known.

Begins Condemnation Proceedings.

Redwood City.—The Standard Elec-
tric Company began proceedings in the
Superior Court against W. H. Dunphy
and the Home Life Insurance Com-
pany of New York to condemn a tract
of land situated near Millbrae, in this
county. The complaint in the action is
verified by Prince Poniatowski, presi-
dent of the corporation. The plaintiff
seeks to establish two lines of electric
poles over the lands of the defendants.
To this the defendants object unless a
certain price is paid.

SUGAR DUTY.

Baltimore Court Finds the Tax on
Russian Output Valid.

Baltimore (Md.).—Judge Morris of
the United States Circuit Court handed
down his decision in the Russian sugar
bounty cases, upholding the action of
Collector Stone in levying an extra
tariff duty of 70 cents per 100 pounds
on sugar imported to this country from
Russia by Robert E. Downs, a commis-
sion merchant of this city.
Mr. Stone's action was taken in ac-
cordance with an order from the Treas-
ury Department, dated December 12,
1898, which levied this additional duty,
claiming that the Russian Government
allowed a bounty of that amount. The
attorney for Mr. Downs in his argu-
ment before Judge Morris maintained
that Russia paid no bounty on sugar,
and that the legislation in that coun-
try which gave rise to the action of the
Treasury Department was simply an
attempt to avoid the evils of overpro-
duction.

To do this it was enacted that all
sugar produced above a prescribed
amount should be taxed double. This
prescribed amount is distributed among
the different manufacturers propor-
tionate to their total production. Sea-
port manufacturers in the practical
operation of the law are allowed to ex-
change their surplus sugar for an equal
amount of the free sugar.

The District Attorney for the Gov-
ernment argued that the Russian Gov-
ernment practically said to its manu-
facturers: "The more sugar you pro-
duce the more you may sell at home,"
and give to every exporter a certainty
of a market value on the exchanges of
two cents a pound, and that this was
virtually a bounty on exported sugar.

Judge Morris' decision holds that
the inducements to refiners held out
by the Russian Government are
equivalent to bounties.

GOOD TIMES WILL STAY.

President Ripley of the Santa Fe
Talks of Industrial Conditions.

New York.—President E. P. Ripley
of the Santa Fe Railroad declares that
the reserve power collected by the
American railroads, industrial cor-
porations, and to a large extent by the
farmers, in the past four years was a
guarantee of continued prosperity for
years to come.

"At present," said Ripley, "there is
no indication of diminution of the vol-
ume of business throughout the coun-
try. The iron industry is generally
taken as a gauge of general conditions.
It is impossible to get deliveries of iron
and steel inside of six months on ac-
count of the large contracts made
ahead. This does not look like con-
traction. Everything points to a con-
tinuation of the present increase in the
volume of business which the railroads
and other corporations are showing at
the present time, for at least a year to
come."

"We have had good crops for sev-
eral years past, except in the case of
this year's corn crop, and as a result a
surplus of reserve power has been
stored up which it is impossible to es-
timate. All the railroads which make
a specialty of handling crops have
strengthened themselves financially
have enlarged their capacity to handle
more traffic of all kinds, which they
could not well have done without in-
creased resources."

ANTI-KEARNEY PACKERS UNITE

Latest Move By Those Who Are Out-
side of the Present Association.

Fresno.—The outside or anti-Kea-
rney packers and some outside growers
have completed arrangements for the
formation of the California Raisin Ex-
change. Prominent in the movement
are Captain W. A. Nevills and G. H.
Walker. The packers will turn into
the exchange all the raisins they have
bought. The Armenians will go in if
they are given a representative on the
board of directors. The concession has
been promised them. The packers will
receive \$12 a ton for packing the rais-
ins, but of this they will remit \$1.50 a
ton to pay the running expenses of the
exchange. The purpose of the ex-
change is to prevent the cutting of
prices.

Big Bets in the Klondike.

Tombola (Wash.).—G. C. Dinsmore
of Humboldt County, Cal., brings news
from Dawson that a larger number of
bets than ever before are being made
this fall regarding the date when the
Yukon will freeze over at Dawson.
Every betting man in the Klondike has
wagered something on this all-absorb-
ing question. Thomas Chisholm, who
won \$14,000 on similar bets last season,
has wagered an amount greatly in ex-
cess of that sum. Other bets from
\$1,000 to \$10,000 are numerous. The
majority of the large wagers are that
the river will not close before October
17th. Similar bets are made in spring
time over the date when then ice
passes out.

Rich Find at Mokelumne Hill.

Mokelumne Hill.—Paul Lancelle, who
lives about two miles from town, came
in the other day and showed \$208 worth
as fine gold nuggets as ever came
from the Klondike. This was the re-
sult of six days' work with a pan in a
newly discovered channel of auriferous
gravel in his claim. A shaft has been
sunk to a depth of nine feet, but the
channel has not yet been bottomed.
The entire country surrounding this
place was one of the richest in the
State during the early fifties, but this
seems to be a blind channel that was
entirely overlooked by early miners.
Judging from the present prospect, the
bedrock will undoubtedly prove fabu-
lously rich.

STORM AT NOME.

Every Lighter Anchored Off the
City Driven Ashore.

A REIGN OF TERROR EXISTS

Nightly Hold-Ups and Robberies—
Sluice Boxes Looted—Delay in
Unloading Vessels.

Port Townsend (Wash.).—According
to advices received here by the steamer
John S. Kimball, Nome was again visit-
ed by a severe storm, which commenced
on the night of September 26th and
continued for three days with increas-
ing fury. As a result every lighter that
was anchored off Nome is ashore, and
the Government tug, Captain Worden,
is on the beach. While the storm was
almost as severe as the memorable
storm of last year, the most serious
damage will result from the delay in
getting lighters afloat so they can be
used in discharging the large number
of steamers due at Nome. Some fears
are now entertained that cargoes can-
not be discharged in time for vessels
to get out before navigation has closed.

Reports from Nome brought down by
the steamer John S. Kimball state that
a reign of terror prevails at Nome.
Holdups and robberies are of nightly
occurrence. Men are being sandbagged
and robbed in broad daylight when
caught in lonely places. Sluice box
robberies are frequent and several
mines have been robbed of from \$500 to
\$2,000. Business houses have been en-
tered, and even women walking on the
streets are made victims. On Septem-
ber 29th two masked men entered the
store of Mrs. S. M. Hovey and at the
point of a pistol forced her to give up
\$500.

The discovery claim on Anvil Creek
has again distinguished itself. On Sep-
tember 14th \$1,552 in nuggets was
picked up and on the 29th it yielded
others weighing \$1,729.
The Kimball brought down 330 pas-
sengers and \$300.00 in treasure.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store
in San Mateo County that

SELLS
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gent's' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. ++ ++
Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.



We have just received a
large shipment of the famous
Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most pop-
ular American whiskey in the
world.

It is a pure, old honest pro-
duct.

It is distilled from selected
grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant
combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

There is hope yet for the alrship. The professors have just finished figuring that it is impossible.

Brazil is threatened with bankruptcy. That's what the big South American republic gets for not having a Pierpont Morgan.

The average man thinks it is a special dispensation of Providence when he gets something good that rightfully belongs to somebody else.

The wife of the Illinois trombone player who has brought suit for divorce doubtless has ample provocation for her proceeding—in a horn.

The sale of lots from the new town in Oklahoma brought Uncle Sam \$700,000. Uncle is a decided success as a real estate shark. He bought it by the square mile of the Indians and sold it by the foot.

The boy King of Spain is considered big enough to go to a bull fight, but he will probably never reach the age when his advisers would consider it safe to let him witness a sea fight, from a Spanish war vessel.

The United States land office disposed of 15,662,706 acres of land during the last year. This is a fair real estate business for one season, but Uncle Sam still has a few farms left which he is willing to dispose of on easy terms.

A Brooklyn woman has discovered a remedy for blues and all discouragements. She forces herself to laugh in the face of them. There is nothing that discourages blue devils like laughter and slinging. They just have to fade away in the face of them.

Charles Lloyd Barney, the strong man of Des Moines, when asked what diet he has adopted to keep himself in constant training, replied, "Plenty of oat meal and toast, little meat and no pie or cake." Thus it is explained why there are so few strong men in the world.

Some men have no faculty for bargaining. For instance, a passenger arriving on an ocean steamer in New York who was caught smuggling some little trinkets offered to compromise with the inspectors for \$5. He seemed much chagrined when he found that the whole duty on all of his valuables amounted to only \$3.50.

One of the Russian railways has recently ordered its signalmen not to sleep on the track. They had been in the habit of doing this, it is said, relying on being awakened by the vibration caused by an approaching train; but several of them, failing to awake, were killed by the cars; therefore the order. We do things better in this country. Our railroad men are seldom worked to such a pitch of fatigue—and they are by nature wide awake.

A man who took part in the first cricket match between Oxford and Cambridge Universities survives at the age of 95 years. If the fact were brought to the attention of those who contend that athletics shorten human life, they would no doubt retort that cricket is such a leisurely game that it is not to be classed as an athletic sport. As a matter of fact, a single mishap in athletics receives more notice than the many instances in which strength and longevity can be directly traced to physical exercise.

Why should we bother about the two-minute trotter? It would be a very pleasant experience to own a two-minute trotter for a few minutes, to be sure, but trotting is so progressive that even the two-minute trotter may be only a king for the day. The minute the two-minute trotter makes his mark drivers will begin trying to make their steeds negotiate the mile in 1.5934, and one of them will succeed. Time was when the 2:30 trotter was just as great a wonder as the two-minute trotter will be a few seasons hence.

There is more than a suggestion of freakishness in the exhibition of "boy wonders" and child evangelists in the pulpit. Such performances have about them a flavor more of the arena or the footlights than of the auditorium consecrated to worship and the study of the inspired word. It is possible to believe devoutly that wisdom may come out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, but such utterances find their sweetness and their suggestiveness to more adult thought in their naturalness and spontaneity.

An automobile savings bank is the latest French novelty. The authorities of Mezieres, wishing to encourage thrift among the peasants, have had it built to specifications. It is an electric motor-car containing four seats, one for the driver and three in the rear arranged around a small table. Folding shelves make a convenient desk for a person standing beside the vehicle. Under the table is a small safe. The passengers are two clerks from the local treasury department and a cashier. The car travels about the country, making short stops in the villages on prearranged days, and receiving such sums as the citizens or farmers of the neighborhood may wish to deposit. So far, however, the innovation has met little encouragement. The peasants seem distrustful of the agility of the

bank, and disinclined to draw out the old stocking from its hiding place under the hearthstone.

The State Statistician of Indiana has done an important service to sociology by compiling the statistics of marriages and divorces throughout the entire State. If the same work could be done, and done as thoroughly, in every other State a more exhaustive study of the divorce question would be possible, and the needs of uniform legislation would be more apparent. The reports of the statistician show that during the year ending on June 30, 1901, the total number of marriages in the State was 24,907, and the total number of divorces granted was 3,009, or about 13 per cent. Undoubtedly some of these divorces should have been granted, but it is extremely doubtful whether such a large percentage of marriages as this should have been annulled. Other statistics are also of interest. The divorces granted to wives were 1,967, to husbands 659, and this is about the proportions in other States. It does not follow from this that women are more prone to rush into the divorce courts than men. The causes explain the numerical difference. Of the total (1,967) divorces granted to wives 792 were for abandonment by husbands and 901 for cruel treatment by them. These are sufficient causes and explain the apparently large proportion of wives seeking divorce. The State Statistician also finds that no relation exists between the social condition of the people and the large number of divorces granted each year. His report states that in the older counties, where the social conditions are on a higher plane, the ratio of divorces to marriage licenses is about 12 per cent, which is pretty near the average in other countries. Social conditions, therefore, it may be assumed, have nothing to do with the number of divorces. It is mainly a question of domestic conditions and human nature, as influenced by hasty and ill-considered marriages. As for the remedy, the Indiana statistician is not far out of the way when he recommends "throwing about the marriage contract such restrictions as will make it more difficult for people to rush into matrimony recklessly."

A distinguished commander in the United States navy who is defendant in a divorce suit instituted by his wife is responsible for the finding of a new social disease to which he gives a name, and which he declares is brought about by the ease with which the courts grant divorces. "Alimonia" is the new malady, and, according to this naval officer, it is confined principally to the members of the weaker sex, though there have been instances in which it has afflicted men. The disease, says its discoverer, is principally manifested by a tendency on the part of women to undertake the burdens of matrimony only after having satisfied themselves of the financial standing of their future husband, not for the usual purposes of safety as to their future maintenance, but in order to determine the possible "take-off" in the way of subsequent alimony. According to this prophet of a new social disorder, a large per cent of the marriages perpetrated upon innocent and trusting men in these modern times have this purpose as a base. He declared that to many women the duties and sacrifices of the married state are exceedingly repugnant, and yet they find that employment in any of the avocations open to their sex is equally objectionable. To escape both this ingenious reasoner declares that they simulate affection for weak man long enough to inveigle him into matrimony, where through the natural sympathy of the public and the divorce courts they easily manufacture a charge that will let them out of the contract with a comfortable income in the shape of alimony on which to live and pursue unhindered their own sweet wills. The theory advanced by the naval officer is specious, and if it could be established would put the new woman in an exceedingly unfavorable light. In addition, social reformers would find in it a new explanation of the much-discussed increase in divorce. But we fear our reasoner is doing special and ingenious pleading to save his own exchequer. All testimony proves that to the womanly woman domesticity is a boon so precious that she will make the greatest sacrifices to obtain it, even in not a few instances contracting to support some useless limitation of a man in order to enjoy its blessings.

Dead Sea of Thibet.
Sven Hedin has discovered a second Dead Sea in the highlands of Thibet—a vast lake so impregnated with salt that indigenous life is out of the question. It was impossible for him to get his boat close to the shore, so that he and his companions had to wade out two boat lengths before she would float, and this was sufficient to coat their legs and clothes thickly with salt. The entire bed of the lake appeared to consist of salt, and the density of the lifeless water was, of course, very high.

The Smallest Railroad.
At the Buffalo Exposition is exhibited the smallest steam railroad in the world. The rails are a foot apart, each of the ten cars holds two passengers, the line is a mile long, and the engineer sits on the tender, for there is just room enough in the cab for his feet. A ride over the circuit of this toy road costs 25 cents.

Horses Killed in London.
It is estimated that 26,000 horses are killed annually in London.

It sometimes happens that a man thinks a woman is jealous of him when she is relieved.

Some dogs can be taught to stand on two legs and beg just like a man.

GROWING OLD.

Old—we are growing old;
Ging on through a beautiful road,
Finding earth a more blessed abode;
Nobler work by our hands to be wrought,
Freer paths for our hope and our thought,
Because of the beauty the years unfold,
We are cheerfully growing old!

Old—we are growing old;
Going up where the sunshine is clear,
Watching grander horizons appear
Out of clouds that enveloped our youth;
Standing firm on the mountains of truth;
Because of the glory the years unfold,
We are joyfully growing old.

Old—we are growing old;
Going in to the garden of rest
That glow through the gold of the West,
Where the rose and amaranth blend,
And each path is the way to a friend;
Because of the peace that the years unfold,
We are thankfully growing old.

Old—are we growing old?
Life blooms as we travel on;
Up the hills, into fresh, lovely dawn;
We are children, who do but begin
The sweetness of living to win;
Because heaven is in us, to bud and unfold,
We are younger, for growing old!
—Lucy Larcom.

MRS. LATON'S TEA

ENSCONCED in the depths of her big arm-chair, a smile lighting up her fine old face that her white hair framed with a crown of snow, Mrs. Harmon was considering her nephew Andrew, a good-looking young fellow of 28, who, for his part, was considering the timepiece on the mantel, whose hands were already well past 3 o'clock.

"Well, Andrew, do you find my clock very interesting?"

In some confusion the young man stammered an excuse, but she went on,—

"Now, don't deny it, you naughty fellow. You wanted to know if your visit had lasted long enough for you to take your departure decently."

"Not at all, aunt. Your guess is quite wrong, for I haven't the slightest intention of going yet. But why do you keep a regular sun-dial like that in your drawing room?"

"Perhaps because I was born so long ago that it is I and not the clock that is behind time. But come—instead of criticizing my drawing room, tell me what you are going to do when you leave here."

"In the first place, I am not going to leave here for some time; but when I have wearied you with my presence until you cannot stand it any longer, it will be time for me to go to Mrs. Laton's tea."

"Mrs. Laton—Pauline Laton?"

"The same."

"Ah, yes; I used to see her some time ago. I remember her vaguely—a large woman, dark—"

"She is a blonde, aunt."

"Indeed? She used to be a brunette. And so you are sighing at the feet of Mrs. Laton?"

"We are all sighing at her feet."

"She must enjoy it."

"Well, I rather think she does."

"Is it fun?"

"Yes, after a fashion. We are always the same little circle of friends, and then, besides Mrs. Laton, there's a sister, a rather good looking girl, and a few other young matrons and bachelor girls."

"And what do you do besides look at these women?"

"We take tea, we gossip and we flirt."

"Oh, oh!"

"But, my dear aunt, one must do something between 5 o'clock and dinner."

"Evidently, and flirting is what you have found to do?"

"It's a way to kill time."

"I scarcely know just what you mean by the term. Explain it to me."

"Oh, impossible. A definition for the word has long been sought, but it has not yet been found. But, given a young woman tete-a-tete with a young man who is not a fool, and I warrant you it won't be long before you have a practical demonstration. Flirting is a manner of being discreetly indiscreet. To know how to flirt is no common accomplishment. It is a veritable science."

"And is love a science, too?"

"No, it is rather an art."

"And marriage—what is it?"

"Oh, that is philosophy."

"Indeed? At what age does one attain this philosophy?"

"As late as possible."

"It seems to me that at 28—"

"Aunt, aunt!" cried Andrew, springing from his chair, "confess that you are concealing some terrible plot. You look as guilty as a conspirator."

Mrs. Harmon smiled a fine smile and enjoyed for a moment the consternation in her victim's face. Then she answered, after a pause,—

"Yes, you are right. I wish to get you married."

"In Heaven's name, what have I done to you?" gasped the young man, with comic seriousness; and as the old lady still smiled, he continued: "See here, aunt, I should never have suspected you of such a thing. You, a woman of intelligence, a superior woman, descending to the role of matchmaker! It is a terrible shattering of my ideals."

"Come, come, my poor boy, do not be so cast down. The girl is charming, I can assure you."

"Of course," Andrew burst out, "the girl is always charming. Oh, I know

her; I can see her now; she may not be exactly pretty, but as you have said, she is charming. She dresses admirably, and makes all her own gowns. She stood at the head of her classes in school, and attends lectures now. Moreover, she has taken cooking lessons and can put up preserves. She plays the piano, she sings, she paints, and she has a tidy fortune in her own right. Bah! No, a thousand times, no! I do not want this miracle of perfection. I know a thing or two, aunt, even if I don't look it, and if I marry I shall marry a woman who suits me. But I know girls—they are all alike, and I know what they are and what they are worth. There isn't one who suits me, or can suit me, and I shall remain a bachelor."

"And you go to take tea at Mrs. Laton's," murmured Mrs. Harmon between her teeth, while a disturbing expression came into her clear-seeing old eyes.

Under this ironical and even inquisitorial look Andrew lost countenance a little; he could not deny that to matrimony he preferred flirting with Mrs. Laton.

He was pulling himself together to reply, or rather to defend himself, when the street door bell was heard.

"A caller, eh? Is this your reception day, aunt, or do you, too, give your friends tea at 5 o'clock?"

"You are impertinent, nephew. At my age a woman does not give 5 o'clock flirtations. It is not even a caller. I am sure it is my little friend Rosamond, the 'charming girl' I spoke of."

"I shall flee, then."

"Do you not wish even to see her?"

"Never! Or, if you insist, I shall go into this little ante-room and look at her through the crack of the door. That is the only concession I shall make," and the young man stepped quickly into the next room as the opposite door opened to admit the visitor; through the slit Andrew could make out the graceful silhouette of a young girl.

"How do you do, Mrs. Harmon?" said the girl, as she entered the room.

"I have brought back the little books on the orphan asylum that you lent mamma. May I stay a moment with you?"

She continued to keep her back toward Andrew, and he, now beginning to get tired of the game, had about concluded that she must be frightfully ugly.

"Sit down here, dear, beside me," and Mrs. Harmon easily contrived to place the girl just opposite the small room; and the young man, approaching his eye to the crack, was struck by the pretty face he beheld.

"Well, Rosamond, what are you doing nowadays? Are you going out much?"

"No, very little. I had a card for Mrs. Laton's tea this afternoon, but I wrote her I was ill. You will not betray me, will you?" and she laughed a merry laugh, that set Andrew's heart to vibrating.

"Do you not care for such affairs?" asked Mrs. Harmon.

"Surely, Mrs. Harmon, you do not think it would be amusing to spend an hour or two watching Mrs. Laton's flirtations with no one to talk to but the insipid women and stupid men of her set?"

"You are severe, my child."

"Severe? Well, with a woman like Mrs. Laton I do not think one can be too much so."

Instinctively Mrs. Harmon raised her eyes to the door that concealed Andrew, and, under pretext of arranging the portiere, she crossed the room, and as she rearranged the drapery, whispered to her nephew,—

"It's nearly 5—you'll be late for your tea."

But her warning was unheeded; Andrew did not budge. As for the girl by the fire, she was still full of her idea.

"Do you know Mrs. Laton, Mrs. Harmon?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," the old lady hastened to reply, and to turn the conversation she went on. "But you are wrong to declare that all men are stupid. There are some who are quite sensible."

"Sensible? Well, I don't know them. I do not mean that they are all stupid, but they think themselves so superior that they are wearisome. They are vain, insufferable bores, with their blase airs and their idea that they are irresistible because they can flirt with Mrs. Laton, who has bleached hair, smears paint on her face as if it were a palette, and whose brains are good for nothing but to devise outrageous gowns."

Again Mrs. Harmon cast an uneasy glance toward the little room, in which Andrew was fast waxing angry. He would have liked to strangle this girl, whose superb health and triumphant beauty irritated him.

"And when will you get married, my dear?" suggested Mrs. Harmon, again throwing herself into the breach.

"I shall never marry."

"Indeed? Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Rosamond, a shadow of melancholy coming over her face that Andrew admired in spite of himself. "Because I am a little fool who cannot do as the rest do. I would wish to love my husband and to have him love me. I would wish to marry a man whom I should single from among the rest for his goodness and intelligence. I would wish to have a confidence in him, and above all to be proud of him."

As the girl spoke she had become animated with a gentle exaltation, which was not without its effect on the young man behind the door.

"Well, Rosamond," said Mrs. Harmon, "why do you not realize your dream?"

"Because there are no young men nowadays who care to look for a girl who pleases them. Marriage for them is a matter of business, nothing more, and the woman herself does not count.

They marry when they have lost their money, and the little heart they possessed has been frittered away on some Mrs. Laton or another."

Again Mrs. Harmon arose, and pretending she had an order to give, excused herself and hastened to her nephew.

"Well, aunt, she has given us a nice dressing down, eh? For a 'charming girl,' I would back her against the world."

"Hurry, Andrew; it is late, and you have almost missed your tea."

"My tea!" he repeated. "Bother my tea! Is there nothing else in the world but my tea? Now, you must find an excuse to bring me into the room and I'll show that young shrew whether all men are fools. Oh, she needs have no fear, I shall not try to marry her, for I still have all my hair, a little money and a heart still intact."

Mrs. Harmon could not restrain a smile at the young man's vexation, and five minutes later Andrew entered the drawing room.

But, contrary to expectations, the conversation did not become a war of words; on the contrary, the girl's fresh gaiety disarmed Andrew's anger at once. His preconception fled before her dimpled smiles and her gentle voice, and he soon fell under her charm, forgetting his anger in his admiration of her graceful movements, the penetrating timbre of her voice, the sparkle of her wit.

The hour for the tea had long passed and Andrew was still there. He had lost all desire to run after Mrs. Laton, that faded doll whom Rosamond—as he was forced to admit to himself—had portrayed so truthfully.

And ensconced once more in the depths of her arm-chair, Mrs. Harmon smiled a kindly smile, and silently regarded the young people, who, for their part, looked at one another with looks that do not deceive and in which the old aunt read with joy the hope of a happy union.

SLEW HIS OWN DAUGHTER.
Tragedy of Brigandage in a Small Dalmatian Village.

How many times has the theme of the following story been used by romancists? In the village of Knin, in the district of Zara, Dalmatia, lived a peasant by the name of Valentich. Not long ago, accompanied by his daughter, he drove a pair of oxen to a neighboring market and sold them for 250 gulden. He gave the money to his daughter to carry. On their way home he was attacked by two robbers, who killed him in the hope of getting the money. In the meantime the daughter, panic-stricken, had run away. She reached a hut and sank exhausted at the door. A woman took her in and, hearing her story, insisted on her staying the night there, as the mountains were very unsafe.

An hour later two men appeared—the murderers, as it turned out, and one of them the husband of the hostess. The girl did not recognize them and gladly accepted their offer of hospitality and aid. When they learned that she had the money they determined to kill her also. They sent her to bed with the daughter of the house, particularly instructing the latter to sleep on the left side of the bed. Later in the night the two men came into the room and strangled the girl that lay on the right side of the bed. As it happened, it was not the intended victim that was killed, but the girl that was with her.

WOMAN FENCER TO WED.

Miss Greta Pomeroy, whose engagement to Philip Clark has been announced, is known as the most expert all-around woman athlete in the United States. At the same time Miss Pomeroy, who is wealthy, is a favorite in New York society. Among the feats which she has to her credit is the killing, single-handed and with one rifle shot, of a grizzly bear near her camp at Glenwood Springs, Colo. She is also a famous cross-country rider and long-distance swimmer. One of her most unique claims to distinction in an athletic way is the fact that the best



MISS GRETA POMEROY.

known teachers of fencing in the country declare her to be, without exception, the best woman fencer in the United States, "capable of fencing with any man, no matter how expert, without expecting that favor be shown her because she is a woman." Miss Pomeroy is a Cincinnati girl, while her prospective husband, Philip Clark, is a native of St. Louis.

HEIRESS ELOPED WITH GUARDIAN'S GARDENER.

Mrs. Frederick W. Bodley, who was Miss Lena Head, scorned a legacy of \$200,000 for the love of her guardian's landscape gardener. She lived at Great River, L. I., and eloped to New York City. Her uncle, Geo. C. Taylor,



MRS. FREDERICK BODLEY.

has a valuable estate at Great River, where she and her mother, Mrs. Betsy Head, made their home. From her mother and uncle Lena had expectations of inheriting a fortune in the millions. Now both have sworn she shall not have a cent of their money.

Lord Kelvin's Long Service.
Lord Kelvin, who is 77 years of age, has the distinction of having occupied a university chair for a longer consecutive period than any other university professor now living. In his varsity days, though the fact is forgotten, Lord Kelvin was an athlete of much more than ordinary prowess, and at Cambridge, in spite of the work which won for him the proud position of second wrangler, he found time to win the "silver sculls." A native of Belfast, Sir William Thomson, as the eminent inventor and electrician was known until 1892, when he was created a baron, held the chair of natural philosophy in Glasgow University from 1846 till 1899, and with the exception of Sir G. G. Stokes he is the oldest Fellow of the Royal Society.

A Scholarly Royal Pipe Smoker.
The King of the Belgians is said to be the most scholarly monarch in Europe. His tastes are of the simplest. He prefers a favorite briar pipe to the best cigar manufactured, and every morning a quaint tobacco jar in the shape of an elephant, which stands on the mantel shelf of his smoking-room at Laeken, is filled with a certain brand of English bird's-eye tobacco. A curious fact is that the country possesses no crown, consequently there is never a coronation, the king merely taking the oath to protect the constitution.

There Was a Difference.
The prodigal had just returned. He slapped his father on the back and remarked jocularly:

"Well, old man, you'd better get out the fatted calf."

"Can't do it, son," replied the old man. "Beef's gone up."

Which merely goes to show that the father of the prodigal had been watching the markets.—Denver Times.

Favorites are withdrawn from the track before the boys commence laughing. What some people need is a trainer.

If time hangs heavy on your hands, eat wild grape pie; you will be busy for four weeks ridding your teeth of the seeds.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

We walked home together. We had a good deal to talk of during the evening, and sat up late. It was midnight before I found myself alone in my own room. I had half forgotten the crumpled paper in my waistcoat pocket, but now I smoothed it out before me and pondered over every word. No, there could not be a doubt that it referred to Miss Ollivier. Why should she have strayed from home? That was the question. What possible reason could there have been, strong enough to impel a young and delicately nurtured girl to run all the risks and dangers of a flight alone and unprotected?

What ought I to do with this advertisement, thrust, as it would seem, purposely under my notice? What was I to do with the clue? I might communicate at once with Messrs. Scott and Brown, giving them the information they had advertised for six months before. I might sell my knowledge of Miss Ollivier for fifty pounds. In doing so I might render her a great service, by restoring her to her proper sphere in society. But the recollection of Tardif's description of her as looking terrified and hunted recurred vividly to me. The advertisement put her age as twenty-one. I should not have judged her so old myself, especially since her hair had been cut short. I was not prepared to deliver her up until I knew something more of both sides of the question.

Settled—that if I could see Messrs. Scott and Brown and learn something about Miss Ollivier's friends, I might be then able to decide whether I would betray her to them; but I would not write. Also, that I must see her again first, and once more urge her to have confidence in me. If she would trust me with her secret, I would be as true to her as a friend as I meant to be true to Julia.

Having come to these conclusions, I cut the advertisement carefully out of the crumpled paper, and placed it in my pocketbook with portraits of my mother and Julia. Here were mementoes of the three women I cared most for in the world—my mother first, Julia second, and my mysterious patient third.

CHAPTER VII.

I was neither in good spirits nor in good temper during the next few days. My mother and Julia appeared astonished at this, for I was not ordinarily as touchy and fractious as I showed myself immediately after my sojourn in Sark.

I was ashamed of it myself. The new house, which occupied their time and thoughts so agreeably, worried me as it had not done before. I made every possible excuse not to be sent to it, or taken to it, several times a day.

It was positively necessary that I should run over to Sark this week—I had given my word to Miss Ollivier that I would do so—but I dared not mention such a project at home. My mother and Julia would be up in arms at the first syllable I uttered.

What if I could do two patients good at one stroke—kill two birds with one stone? Captain Carey had a pretty little yacht lying idle in St. Sampson's harbor, and a day's cruising would do him all the good in the world. Why should he not carry me over to Sark, when I could visit my other patient, and nobody be made miserable by the trip?

"I will make you up some of your old medicine," I said, "but I strongly recommend you to have a day out on the water; seven or eight hours at any rate. If the weather keeps as fine as it is now, it will do you a world of good."

"It is so dreary alone," he objected. "If I could manage it," I said, deliberately, "I should be glad to have a day with you."

"Ah! if you could do that!" he replied eagerly. "I'll see about it," I said. "Should you mind where you sailed to?"

"Not at all, not at all, my boy," he answered, "so that I get your company. You shall be skipper or helmsman, or both, if you like."

"Well, then, I replied, 'you might take me over to the Havre Gosselin, to see how my patient's broken arm is going on. It's a bore there being no resident medical man there at this moment.'"

The run over was all that we could wish. The cockle-shell of a boat belonging to the yacht bore me to the foot of the ladder hanging down the rock at Havre Gosselin. A very few minutes took me to the top of the cliff, and there lay the little thatched nest-like home of my patient. I hastened forward eagerly.

All was silent as I crossed the stony causeway of the yard. Not a face looked out from door or window. Mam'zelle's easement stood a little way open, and the breeze played with the curtains, fluttering them like banners in a procession. I dared not try to look in. The house door was ajar, and I approached it cautiously. "Thank heaven!" I cried within myself as I gazed eagerly into the cottage.

She was lying there upon the fern-bed, half asleep, her head fallen back upon the pillow, and the book she had been reading dropped from her hand. The whole interior of the cottage formed a picture. The old furniture of oak, the neutral tints of the wall and ceiling, and the deep tone of her green dress threw out into strong relief the graceful shining head and pale face.

I suppose she became subtly conscious, as women always are, that somebody's eyes were fixed upon her, for she awoke fully and looked up as I lingered on the door sill.

"Oh, Dr. Martin!" she cried, "I am so glad!"

"I am come to see how my work is going on," I said. "How is the arm, first of all?"

"I almost wished that mother Renout or Suzanne Tardif had been at hand. But Miss Ollivier seemed perfectly composed, as much so as a child. She looked like one with her cropped head of hair, and frank, open face. My own momentary embarrassment passed away. The arm was going on all right, and so was mother Renout's charge, the sprained ankle.

"We must take care you are not lame," I said. "You must promise me not to set your foot on the ground, or in any way rest your weight upon it, till I give you leave."

"That means that you will have to come to see me again," she said; "is it not very difficult to come over from Guernsey?"

"Not at all," I answered, "it is quite a treat to me."

Her face grew very grave, as if she was thinking of some unpleasant topic. She looked at me earnestly and questioningly.

"May I speak to you with great plainness, Dr. Martin?" she asked. "Speak precisely what is in your mind at this moment," I replied.

"You are very, very good to me," she said, holding out her hand to me, "but I do not want you to come more often than is quite necessary, because I am very poor. If I were rich," she went on hurriedly, "I should like you to come every day—it is so pleasant—but I can never pay you sufficiently for that long week you were here. So please do not visit me often than is quite necessary."

My face felt hot, but I scarcely knew what to say. I bungled out an answer. "I would not take any money from you, and I shall come to see you as often as I can."

"You are not offended with me, Dr. Martin?" she asked, in a pleading tone. "No," I answered; "but you are mistaken in supposing a medical man has no love for his profession apart from his profits. To see that your arm gets properly well is part of my duty, and I shall

fulfill it without any thought of whether I shall get paid for it or no."

"Now," she said, "I must let you know how poor I am. Will you please to fetch me my box out of my room?"

I was only too glad to obey her. This seemed to be an opening to a complete confidence between us. Now I came to think of it, fortune had favored me in thus throwing us together alone.

I lifted the small, light box very easily—there could not be many treasures in it—and carried it back to her. She took a key out of her pocket and unlocked it with some difficulty, but she could not raise the lid without my help. I took care not to offer any assistance until she asked it.

Yes, there were very few possessions in that light trunk, but the first glance showed me a blue silk dress and sealskin jacket and hat. I lifted them out for her, and after them a pair of velvet slippers, soiled, as if they had been through muddy roads. I did not utter a remark. Beneath these lay a handsome watch and chain, a fine diamond ring and five sovereigns lying loose in the box.

"That is all the money I have in the world," she said sadly.

I laid the five sovereigns in her small white hand, and she turned them over, one after another, with a pitiful look on her face. I felt foolish enough to cry over them myself.

"Dr. Martin," was her unexpected question after a long pause, "do you know what became of my hair?"

"Why?" I asked, looking at her fingers running through the short curls we had left her.

"Because that ought to be sold for something," she said. "I am almost glad you had it cut off. My hairdresser told me once he would give five guineas for a head of hair like mine, it was so long, and the color was uncommon. Five guineas would not be half enough to pay you, though, I know."

She spoke so simply and quietly that I did not attempt to remonstrate with her about her anxiety to pay me.

"Tardif has it," I said; "but of course he will give it you back again. Shall I sell it for you, mam'zelle?"

"Oh, that is just what I could not ask you," she exclaimed. "You see there is no one to buy it here, and I hope it may be a long time before I go away. I don't know, though; that depends upon whether I can dispose of my things. There is my sealskin, it cost twenty-five guineas last year, and it ought to be worth something. And my watch—see what a nice one it is. I should like to sell them all, every one. Then I could stay here as long as the money lasted."

"How much do you pay here?" I inquired, for she had taken me so far into counsel that I felt justified in asking that question.

"A pound a week," she answered. "A pound a week!" I repeated, in amazement. "Does Tardif know that?"

"I don't think he does," she said. "When I had been here a week I gave Mrs. Tardif a sovereign, thinking perhaps she would give me a little out of it. I am not used to being poor, and I did not know how much I ought to pay. But she kept it all, and came to see me every

week for more. Was it too much to pay?"

"Too much!" I said. "You should have spoken to Tardif about it, my poor child."

"I could not talk to Tardif about his mother," she answered. "Besides, it would not have been too much, if I had only had plenty. But it has made me so anxious. I did not know whatever I should do when it was all gone. I do not know now."

Here was a capital opening for a question about her friends.

"You will be compelled to communicate with your family," I said. "You have told me how poor you are; cannot you trust me about your friends?"

"I have no friends," she answered sorrowfully. "If I had any, do you suppose I should be here?"

"I am one," I said, "and Tardif is another."

"Ah, new friends," she replied; "but I mean real old friends who have known you all your life, like your mother, Dr. Martin, or your cousin Julia. I want somebody to go to who knows all about me, and say to them, after telling them everything, keeping nothing back at all, 'Have I done right? What else ought I to have done? No new friend could answer questions like those.'"

Was there any reason I could bring forward to increase her confidence in me? I thought there was, and her friendlessness and helplessness touched me to the core of my heart. Yet it was with an indefinite reluctance that I brought forward my argument.

"Miss Ollivier," I said, "I have no claim of old acquaintance or friendship, yet it is possible I might answer those questions, if you could prevail upon yourself to tell me the circumstances of your former life. In a few weeks I shall be in a position to show you more friendship than I can do now. I shall have a home of my own, and a wife, who will be your friend more fittingly, perhaps, than myself."

"I knew it," she answered, half shyly. "Tardif told me you were going to marry your cousin Julia."

Just then we heard the foldyard gate swing to behind some one who was coming to the house.

It was an immense relief to see only Tardif's tall figure crossing the yard

cult to abbreviate Julia; Ju, I had called her in my rudest schoolboy days. I wondered how high Olivia would stand beside me; for I had never seen her on her feet. Julia was not two inches shorter than myself; a tall, stiff figure, neither slender enough to be lissome, nor well-proportioned enough to be majestic. But she was very good, and her price was far above rubies.

I visited Sark again in about ten days, to set Olivia free from my embargo upon her walking. I allowed her to walk a little way along a smooth meadow path, leaning on my arm; and I found that she was a head lower than myself—a beautiful height for a woman. That time Captain Carey had set me down at the Havre Gosselin, appointing to meet at the Creux harbor, which was exactly on the opposite side of the island. In crossing over to it—a distance of rather more than a mile—I encountered Julia's friends, Emma and Maria Brouard.

"You here again, Martin!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes," I answered; "Captain Carey set me down at the Havre Gosselin, and is gone round to meet me at the Creux."

"You have been to see that young person?" asked Maria.

"Yes," I replied.

"She is a very singular young woman," she continued; "we think her stupid. We cannot make anything of her. But there is no doubt poor Tardif means to marry her."

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated hotly; "I beg your pardon, Maria, but I give Tardif credit for sense enough to know his own position."

I had half an hour to wait in the little harbor, its great cliffs rising all about me, with only a tunnel bored through them to form an entrance to the green island within. My rage had partly turned itself away before the yacht came in sight.

(To be continued.)

THEY GOT BISMARCK'S CONSENT

But It Was Expressed in Language Altogether Unconventional.

The deference of the English royal family to the opinions of their German cousins was never better hit off than by a story which comes from one of the royal household, who told it to the writer.

When Lord Archibald Campbell was about to be engaged to Miss Janet Callender, whom he eventually married, he dutifully went to his father for his approval. "Delighted, I'm sure," said the Duke of Argyll. "She is in every way desirable. Has money, good looks, brains, accomplishments. But—perhaps you had better let me speak to Lorne. He may think the Princess has a right to be consulted."

Recognizing the responsibility of having a royal highness for a sister-in-law, Lord Archie "waited." Lord Lorne, on being told of the proposed alliance, was agreeable to the young lady as far as he was concerned, but thought it only right that the Princess should be consulted as to who should enter the family. Now her royal highness in her frank, impulsive way said:

"If Archie likes her, she suits me down to the ground. She is handsome and clever, and has strong opinions of her own. All the same I think I must speak to the Queen first."

Which she did. Victoria not only remembered Miss Callender's presentation at court, but graciously approved of the match, saying:

"However, Louise, I think I ought to consult my German cousins first."

And the Queen wrote to Germany. The Kaiser remembered meeting Miss Callender and replied to the Queen approvingly, adding, "But I will leave this letter open for a last word, for I should not care to speak finally until I had consulted Bismarck."

The Kaiser found Bismarck taking his ease with rye bread, sausage, beer, and a long pipe, and told him of the mighty alliance in prospective. When the Emperor had finished Bismarck took his long pipe out of his mouth and replied:

"Me? Oh, I don't care a d—n."

Turned Down.

"It is a fair income, but I have to be careful of it."

"Don't you think," said Mr. Forchen-Hunt, "that it would be well to marry someone who would help you to take—"

"Pardon me," she interrupted, "but I'm not prepared to husband my resources in that way."—Philadelphia Press.

Literary Chat.

Miss Midwood—What has Edwin Markham written beside "The Man with the Hoe?"

Miss Flatbush—Why, don't you know? "How I Came to Write 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

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WHAT A MAN CARRIES.

Weight of Clothing Which He Has to Have on Him All the Time.

"Man carries a pretty good weight in these modern times, when you come to think of it," said a gentleman whose mind has an analytical turn, "and, really it makes a fellow a trifle tired when he begins to enumerate the number of things he is forced to carry around with him. He is a beast of burden and is heavily laden. We will take him from the skin out, and analyze the superficialities which hang about him, and which are necessary at this time in the history of civilization in order to give him a polite standing in the community in which he lives, and in order to make him comfortable. One is almost inclined to shrink away from the fearful responsibility of carrying such a load, and yet one must do it if he is happy. Here are two articles which sticketh closer than a brother, and then we find pulled up around his shins and ankles two socks. He wears two shoes, unless he was in the war, and two strings are needed to lace them, or twelve buttons or more, if they are not lace shoes. He wears one top shirt, one collar, and two cuffs. He wears one coat, one vest and one pair of trousers, and there are twelve buttons on his trousers, six generally on his coat, and six on his vest. He carries two cuff buttons around with him, two collar buttons, three shirt buttons, two sleeve buttons and various other buttons on his undergarments. There is one buckle on his trousers, and two on his suspenders. He generally wears suspenders. He wears two garters. He wears one necktie, or sometimes one cravat with one clasper to hold it in place.

"He carries one handkerchief in his pocket. He wears one hat. In the winter he must have two gloves and one overcoat, and maybe two overshoes. But this is not all. He has a watch and a chain to carry around with him, a bundle of letters, a package of cards, a plug or sack of tobacco, or maybe a few cigars, a pipe perhaps, knife, pencil and a few other things which usually make up the pocket outfit, such as matches, luckeys and other good luck symbols. There is leather in his shoes, with hair in the soles and steel pegs in the heels thereof. There is silk or satin in his cravat or necktie. There is wool and cotton, and linen, and other things in the clothes he wears. There is straw in his hat. There is starch in his shirt. There is gold, and silver, and pewter, and other metals, in the watch and chain he wears, there is brass and bone in some of his buttons. There is tin in his garter claspers and in the clasper which holds his cravat in place. There is glass over the face of his watch. Dye is used in staining his clothes, and one may find here all the colors—red, white, blue, black, purple, yellow, brown and almost every other tint. He has paper in his pockets. There is rubber in his suspenders and garters. Paint is found in the figures on the face of his watch, and polish is found on his shoes. So after all, man is really a beast of burden, and when he begins to count up the more than 100 superficialities he carries around with him, and the vast number of factories he represents, if the season is warm, with the thermometer ranging above the 100 mark, he will probably swelter a bit more on account of the vast load he is carrying."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Wonderful Clock.

To the list of remarkable clocks in the world that just completed by a Bohemian in Chicago, who has been at work on it for nineteen years, will have to be added. It is more than eighteen feet high, and is fifteen feet square at the base. A miniature earth circles around the dial, and turns on its axis every twenty-four hours, while the sun, moon, Venus, Mars, Saturn, and other planets are represented in their proper relative places. When the clock strikes a door opens, and a procession of all the Presidents of the United States issues, followed by figures which symbolize the growth of the Republic. The inventor has kept his work a secret all these years, and even now refuses to sell it or allow it to be exhibited.

What He Wanted.

Two men were discussing an acquaintance, whose desire to gain wealth and distaste for any demands upon his charity were equally well known.

"What in the world does he want of more money?" demanded one of the men, in the tone of one who defies the public at large to find an answer to his question. "He hasn't any near relatives, and he doesn't begin to spend his income now."

"Ah," said the other man, "that's just it. He wants to economize on a still larger scale."

Stars Visible to the Eye.

To the average eye not more than 5,000 stars are visible; some persons having extraordinarily strong eyes can see about 8,000 stars. Through the Lick telescope and other powerful instruments about 50,000,000 stars are visible. There are believed to be stars in existence beyond the reach of any telescope yet constructed.

Bibles as Watch-Charms.

Miniature Bibles are worn as watch-charms in Russia. They are each one inch long, three-fourths of an inch wide, and contain the first five books of the Old Testament. The text is in Hebrew, and can be read with the aid of a magnifying glass.

Horses and Sheep in Denmark.

The latest census shows that there are 420,274 horses in Denmark—188 for every 100 acres under cultivation and 195 per 1,000 inhabitants; the sheep number 1,058,656, which is 281 per 100 acres and 456 per 1,000 inhabitants.

A LIFE'S SAD ENDING.

Sir Edwin Arnold's Days Solaced by His Japanese Wife.

To thousands of Americans who have read the works of Sir Edwin Arnold and listened to his lectures it will be news to learn that the distinguished English scholar and sage, robbed of his life's savings by his son, is forced, though blind and feeble, to work hard for a living. The sharer of his burdens—the uncomplaining and constant attendant upon him—is a little, black-haired, black-eyed, dark-skinned Japanese woman, who, by virtue of the



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

magic which Japanese people attach to a cup of tea, is his wife.

The pathetic tenderness and faithfulness of this little wife in the stricken condition of Sir Edwin, has caused great comment in social and literary circles in London.

Sir Edwin has lost the sight of his eyes and, as a result of paralysis, he cannot walk a step. Constant and tender in her devotion to him, is his little, dark-faced wife, who, before her marriage, was Mrs. Watambb, widow of a distinguished officer of the Japanese army.

His marriage to this woman was the sensation of England at the time. He met her in Yokohama in 1891 when he was visiting Japan with his daughter, Edith. Their marriage was sudden—so sudden that Miss Edith was shocked.

It was explained to her that they had been wedded by the Japanese method of drinking a cup of tea together. When the daughter asked her father about the ceremony, which seemed to her questionable, he said:

"It is the custom of the country, and will be as binding to me as would be a pompous ceremony in a cathedral."

And now toward the close of a life's vicissitudes the devoted creature who clings to him when others have forsaken is the woman whom he won by a cup of tea.



LADY ARNOLD.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance.....\$1.50
Six Months, ".....1.00
Three Months, "......50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1901.

Colusa county has a tax rate for 1901 of \$1.40 on the \$100, the lowest in the state. Little Mono, with a tax rate of \$2.25, is the highest. The rate for San Mateo is \$1.84.

The amendment made in 1899 to the act authorizing unincorporated towns to establish a fire district and equip and maintain a fire department provides that the tax authorized by a vote of the citizens of the new fire district must be levied at the time county taxes are levied. Inasmuch as the tax levy for San Mateo county has been made, the levy for fire district purposes for this town cannot be made until October, 1902. The law also provides that the Board of Fire Commissioners appointed by the County Board of Supervisors shall hold only until the annual election in April, when a Board of three Fire Commissioners must be chosen by ballot. While there can be no tax levy until October, 1902, nevertheless it is necessary that the present Board of Fire Commissioners shall fix fire district limits and call an election to vote on tax. Otherwise there can be no annual election in April next and the work now done will have to be done again. Again, if the district is formed and the tax voted, it may be that the new fire district would have sufficient credit to obtain fire apparatus pending the levy and collection of the tax. In any case we trust the Board of Fire Commissioners will move at an early day to fix fire limits and call an election to vote on tax.

SIMPLY BRUTAL.

The facts, so far as they have been ascertained, regarding the body of the Chinese infant found near Colma on Tuesday, show that the infant, Louie On, aged 2 months and 19 days, died in Chinatown, San Francisco, that a regular death certificate was made out, and a removal permit issued by the San Francisco health office for the removal of the body to San Mateo county for burial in the Chinese cemetery near Colma. That the father of the dead infant employed Wing Hi, a Chinese undertaker, to bury the body, that this celestial undertaker took charge of the body, put it into a cheap rough box and paid a drunken white hoodlum hanger-on of Chinatown \$2.25 to convey the body to the cemetery, with the result that the hoodlum white man got drunk and threw the box and body into a field near Colma, where it was found on Tuesday. The worthless hoodlum, who is the minor offender, is in jail for his offense, whilst the undertaker, who is the chief criminal, has not been molested. The authorities of the great city of San Francisco can surely find a way to stop such inhumanity.

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

(An Incident in the Wreck of the Rio Janeiro.)

The following little poem, which we reproduce, was written originally for the Acorn, the Alameda High School journal, in April last, by Miss Frieda Dunlap, a school girl, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Coombes of this place:

A traveler who had long been far from home,
In foreign lands had long been wont to roam,
His friends he had not seen for many a day,
So gladly he began his homeward way.
'Twas in a gallant ship he crossed the sea,
Once more in his beloved land to be.

Full many a storm upon that sea did roar,
'Till land he thought he never more should tread.
At last the ocean's dangers all were o'er,
At nightfall, near the post the good ship sped.

And anchored there, awaiting to be led,
By morning light, in through the Golden Gate,
Into the harbor of the Golden State.

The traveler walks the vessel's deck alone,
Thinks of his hardships and his toils now past;
Thinks of his life in other clime and zone,
Glad he is nearing home at last.

To rest he goes, as night is closing fast,
He sleeps, and dreams that with his friends he meets,
That all, with happy heart, he greets.

Rudely awakened from his dreaming sleep,

He hears the waves and angry billows roar;
He hears wild cries ring out across the deep;
The ship has drifted on the rocks near shore.
He leaves his bed—his happy dream is o'er;
Then rushing wildly to the crowded deck,
Is overwhelmed by waves that sweep the wreck.

How fleeting is this mortal life of ours;
In midst of life doth gloomy death appear;
Unnumbered seems life's flying days and hours,
Yet death, to all, in its own time, draws near.

And that we all must meet but need not fear.
So act, that when with earthly scenes you're done,
You'll find a life secure beyond the sun.

FREDA DUNLAP, '04.

A Retort From Nature.

Among the useful results of aerial excursions are the satisfactory experiments in the way of echoes and reverberations. John Mackenzie Bacon has many opportunities of testing the carrying of sounds to and from a balloon at a great height, and Mr. Wise, the American aeronaut, relates a case in point.

He was ballooning one day above a dense cloud stream when he heard a low bell and the sounds of a wood-chopper's ax, whereupon, to attract the attention of the laborer, he shouted "Hello!" He was immediately answered by another "Hello!" from the ground.

He then asked the question, "How far is this from Lancaster?" and was annoyed by being mocked by his own words.

"Being in the clouds," he says, "and not able to see things above or below, I felt somewhat nettled at this clownish display of wit, and in a very audible tone of voice, while the foregoing was still reverberating in my ear, I sang out, 'You're a fool!' which in a very few seconds was answered by an equally distinct and measured tone of voice, 'You're a fool!'"

"Then it suddenly flashed upon my mind that it was the echo of my own voice, which opinion was ratified by the dying reverberations of my words, which had now become as numerous as though a whole regiment had caught the watchword and were passing it in quick succession through the whole line."

Orderly Habits.

"It is a curious fact," commented a man recently, "that almost no mother realizes the importance of bringing her son up to orderly habits. She impresses upon her daughters from the time they are old enough to recognize any responsibility the necessity to keep their rooms tidy, put away articles after use and care for their belongings at all times.

The boy, however, is exempt from any similar requirement not only in his own room, but throughout the house. He reads newspapers and throws them on the floor, gets up from a divan leaving the cushions packed and shapeless, without the slightest reproach, the only notice taken of the occurrence, indeed, being to ask a sister, if he has one, to pick up the one and straighten the other. The women of the family follow in his footsteps all day long, removing whatever disorder he creates.

Yet there is no business occupation upon which that boy will presently enter in which order is not a fundamental necessity. Girls, on the other hand, do not, as a rule, suffer so seriously from a lack of order, or at least consequences are not so continually disagreeable and costly as is the case with boys."—New York Post.

Sure Proof.

When France and Germany were at war, an Englishman was arrested by the French and accused of being a German spy. A letter dated "Berlin" and signed by his mother was found upon him. He was tried by drumhead court martial and condemned to be shot.

On the way to the place of execution he said that he had left something behind and insisted on going back for it. "You can't go back," was the reply. "You are about to be shot."

"I can't help that," said he. "I have left something, and I must get it."

"What have you left?" "My umbrella."

That settled it. He was released. No one but an Englishman, said his captors, could be such a thoroughgoing imbecile as that.

Advice About Health.

Don't worry about your health. More people make themselves ill by doing that than is generally supposed. If you are constantly imagining that there is something the matter with you, you will do yourself harm. Live as far as you are able a healthy life and for the rest take your chance like a man. There are plenty of people who suffer a living death by allowing themselves to imagine that they are going to have every illness they read about.

Hopefully Waiting.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "prides deirselfs on bein' hopeful, when as a matter o' fact dey ain't doin' nuffin' but loafin' an' waitin' foh luck."—Washington Star.

The bite of a mosquito is annoying, and the bite of a snake is dreadful, but it makes one feel sore all over to be bitten in the back by a friend.—Dallas News.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

THE FLORIDA RAZORBACK.

Becomes Most Valuable When Killed by Railway Train.

The Florida razorback is the hog indigenous to that climate and soil. He is usually large of limb and fleet of foot, being the only known porker that can outrun a derrick. He has a tail of wondrous length, which while he is in active motion he twists into the tightest cork-screw, but with which while quietly feeding he raps his leathery sides much in the same manner that the docile cow uses her tail. He is self supporting. He earns his own living and thrives equally well in the high woods, in the flat woods, in the hummocks and in the marshes. He subsists upon anything he can find above the earth or underneath its surface. He has a clear, farseeing eye and is very sensitive of hearing.

Nature has equipped him with a snout almost as long as the beak of the wild pelican of Borneo, with which he can penetrate the earth many inches in quest of worms, snakes and insects. He is the most intelligent of all the hogs and is likewise the most courageous. He has been known to engage in mortal combat with a coon for the possession of a watermelon and to rend asunder a barbed wire fence.

He is so intelligent that when he lives in the towns he becomes as familiar with the railroad schedules as are the train dispatchers themselves and plies his vocation in great numbers about the railroad stations, and yet no train ever ran over a razorback. Whenever the railroad companies are forced to pay for killing a hog it always proves to be a Berkshire, a guinea or some other fine breed—never a razorback. He is too active and alert to be caught even by a locomotive. He is nervous, restless, energetic, and hence does not thrive well in pens.

Confined, he loses rather than gains flesh. He is always ripe for market, as his condition is as good in August as it is in January. His owner respects his intelligence, admires his nerve and is fond of him as food, for he may always be depended upon to afford the proverbial "streak of lean" with a very small "streak of fat." He is the king of hogs. He can be grown more profitably than any other known variety, since, as has been observed, he is energetic and intelligent enough to feed and clothe himself.

Wanted, Sharp Knives.

"I have often wondered where one could find the sharp knives of the world," said an observant citizen, "and really the problem is one of some seriousness, and one, upon reflection, is almost driven to the conclusion that there are no sharp knives in the world. 'Have you ever noticed how hard it is to find a really sharp knife? Stop the first man you meet and ask him to let you have his knife for a minute and listen to what he says about it. Nine times out of ten he will say, 'I have one, but it isn't very sharp.' You may pick out your men indifferently, and they will always tell you the same thing. If a man should ask me for my knife to sharpen a lead pencil or to use for some other purpose, the chances are I would say about the same thing, 'I have one, but it isn't very sharp.'"

"And really the answer thus made is generally true. Men do not keep sharp knives. It may be because they do not need sharp knives or it may be a matter of laziness, but in any event they do not carry them around with them, or if they do they always give their friend a dull one."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Catastrophe of the Onelda.

One of the most extraordinary catastrophes that have befallen vessels of the United States destroyed the sloop of war Onelda in 1869. She was bound homeward, with a jolly ship's company, eager to see wives and sweethearts and native land once more, when not far out of port she was struck by the British steamer Bombay coming in. The stem of the Bombay cut off the stern of the Onelda. The ship was sinking rapidly, and guns of distress were immediately fired, but the Bombay steamed on her way and left the vessel to her doom. She went down, and all but one or two of her crew were drowned.

The captain of the Bombay gave no other reason for his conduct than that he had Lady Eyre, the wife of a distinguished British satrap, on board and did not wish to disturb her nerves with scenes of shipwreck. He was mobbed when he reached Yokohama, dismissed from the service, socially tabooed from that time on and died in disgrace a year or two later.

A Clever Woman's Answer.

"Do you not consider your husband the most graceless sinner in existence?" This question was asked the wife of a gay Lothario by a rival for his affections while playing a game called "candor."

The stillness became intense and every pair of eyes grew rounder as those present looked from one woman to the other. It was the husband's voice that broke the silence.

"Your question is out of order, Beatrice," he said quietly. "It is a rule laid down in courts of law that a woman is not required to testify against her husband."

In the confusion that followed as the game broke up the man sought his wife's side. "What should you have replied to the query of the fair Beatrice if I had not come to your rescue so neatly?" he demanded.

"I should have said you were a sinner, yes, but a graceful rather than a graceless one."—Lippincott's.

Catching a Feminine Fish.

"Do you really think there are mermaids in the sea?"

"Certainly," said the dime museum man. "Then why hasn't anybody besides you succeeded in catching one?"

"Because nobody else was smart enough to bait a hook with the latest style of Paris hat." was the answer.—Washington Star.

The Mean Thing.

Miss Passay—I dread to think of my fortieth birthday.
Miss Pert—Why? Did something unpleasant happen then.—Tit-Bits.

Too Realistic.

"Look here," said a Suffolk farmer to a friend, "I'm going to kill my pig, but I owe so much pork to my neighbors that I shall have none left for myself if I pay it all back. What would you do?"

"Quite easy to trick 'em," said the friend. "Kill your pig and leave it hanging outside until late at night, so's every one can see it. Then take it in and say some one stole it. Stick to the tale, and you'll be all right."

The farmer followed instructions, and the kind friend watched his chance and stole the pig. The poor farmer came around next morning to tell what had happened.

"Somebody's stolen my pig!" he cried.

"Good!" said the friend. "Stick to it, and the neighbors'll believe you, sure enough."

"But it was stolen, I tell you!"

"Excellent!" quoth the friend. "Just you stick to the tale."

"You confounded ass!" yelled the farmer. "Don't you understand? It was really stolen!"

"Superb!" laughed the delighted friend. "You ought to have been an actor, so you ought."

That Suffolk farmer slammed the door and went away fuming.—London Answers.

Fire Among the Redwoods.

Perhaps the most startling phenomenon of the fire was the quick death of childlike sequoias only a century or two ago, says John Muir in The Atlantic. In the midst of the other comparatively slow and steady fire work one of these tall, beautiful sapplings, leafy and branchy, would be seen blazing up suddenly all in one heaving, booming, passionate flame reaching from the ground to the top of the tree and fifty to a hundred feet or more above it, with a smoke column bending forward and streaming away on the upper free flowing wind.

To burn these green trees a strong fire of dry wood beneath them is required to send up a current of air hot enough to distill inflammable gases from the leaves and sprays; then, instead of the lower limbs gradually catching fire and lighting the next and next in succession, the whole tree seems to explode almost simultaneously, and with awful roaring and throbbing a round tapering flame shoots up 200 or 300 feet, and in a second or two is quenched, leaving the green spire a black dead mast bristled and roughened with down curling boughs.

To Cure Round Shoulders.

In the case of round shoulders the muscles of the back are likely to stiffen from disuse. A special exercise to get them into a limber condition seems to be necessary. Stretch out and down with the arms until they nearly touch the floor, bending back in like manner. To successfully accomplish the latter sit on a stool before an upright piano or heavy desk, plant your knees firmly against the furniture until you have a good support, then slowly bend backward with your hand pointed over your head. At first you think you will surely crack in half, so stiff are the muscles, but astonishingly soon comes the pliability, and as it is impossible to fall your progress is easy and rapid. This exercise if persisted in will straighten out a curved spine, but it must be done gently and with patience, because the tendons in the back are delicate and must not be coerced.

Curiosities of the Cacao Tree.

The cultivation of cacao, says a writer in The Scientific American, is an inviting agricultural pursuit in Trinidad and parts of Venezuela. The cacao tree cannot withstand strong sunshine, and the young plants have to be shaded by banana or plantain trees and later, when they attain their growth, by tall trees known as "immortelles," or the "mother of the cacao." These make a kind of canopy over the entire plantation. The fruit of the cacao tree is a pod resembling a cucumber and growing on the trunk or large branches, where it "looks as though it were artificially attached." The seeds are like large, thick lima beans imbedded in pulp. These form the cacao beans of commerce. The processes of curing and drying require much attention.

Daring Wasps.

"Wasps were the first paper makers," said an entomologist. "It is very interesting to study the ways of these fierce little insects. For the sake of a grab at the honey store a single individual will sometimes face a whole hive of bees, being in fair combat a match for any three inhabitants of the apiary. Most of us have had experience of the fearlessness with which they will attack human beings."

Fire Fighting in England.

In the smaller places in England horses have to be borrowed for the fire engines. Often thirty to fifty minutes are wasted in getting horses, which, when an alarm of fire was given, were at work at their daily duty. A considerable amount of time is also lost in finding proper harness for them. The harnessing of steam engines in country districts is a very difficult problem.

How the Lover Looks at the Fire.

When a young Savoyard goes wooing, he pays considerably more attention to the admired one's fire than to her face. If she leaves the billets of wood undisturbed on the hearth, it is a sign that he is welcome, but should she place one of the blazing fagots in an upright position against the others it is a hint for him to take his departure.

Knew Her Well.

"I did not know that you knew my wife."
"Oh, yes; very well."
"Where did you meet?"
"Never before; but one of my servants lived at your home two months."—Fliegende Blätter.

TAX LEVY SAN MATEO COUNTY—1901.

State Fund.....	.48		
General Fund.....	.37		
School Fund.....	.15		
Salary Fund.....	.22		
Indigent Fund.....	.05		
Interest Fund.....	.015		
Road Fund.....	.365		
Road Fund Special.....	.20		
Total.....	1.84	outside	
		1.275	inside

Jefferson School District.....	1.84	School Tax added.....	.15	Total.....	1.99
San Bruno ".....	1.84	" " " ".....	.10	" " " ".....	1.94
San Mateo ".....	1.84	" " " ".....	.08	" " " ".....	1.92
Belmont ".....	1.84	" " " ".....	.10	" " " ".....	1.94
Redwood City ".....	1.84	" " " ".....	.36	" " " ".....	2.20
Menlo Park ".....	1.84	" " " ".....	.30	" " " ".....	2.14
Redwood City ".....	1.275	" " " ".....	.36	" " " ".....	1.635
San Mateo ".....	1.275	" " " ".....	.08	" " " ".....	1.355
Ravenswood School District.....					
Portola ".....					
West Union ".....					
Greensburg ".....					
San Pedro ".....					
And all other Districts.....	1.84				
		1.84 School Tax added.....	.10		1.94

GEO. BARKER, County Auditor.

BEE BUZZES.

One-fourth of an acre may contain 150 colonies of bees.

An apiary should not be placed on ground thickly set with trees.

Bees secrete wax only when necessary to furnish storage room for honey or brood.

The secretion of one pound of wax necessitates the consumption of twenty pounds of honey.

When a queen is gone, it will be only a few days until the colony will cease to store much surplus honey.

Sometimes, toward the close of the honey season, the bees will destroy the queen cells or kill all of the queens but one, thus destroying the incentive to swarm.

Care must be taken to see that there is a queen in every colony. If she gets lost or is killed, another must be put in her place, as the colony will run down very fast if left queenless.

Never feed bees during the day, it matters not whether there be one colony or many. It causes confusion, and the bees frequently get cross and go to stinging anything they come near.

In getting bees that have swarmed back into a hive much loss may be prevented by stretching a piece of strong canvas on the ground and setting the hive upon it and then shaking the bees on it.

Insect Pests in Brazil.

I should take a small gang of practical coffee planters from Ceylon with good diggers to be not afraid of ghignars, ticks and Berne flies, to say nothing of the dear little mosquito. The writer had extracted during four years in Brazil no less than 200 ghignars from underneath every toe nail of both feet. The Portuguese, Brazilians, Italians and Spaniards called it a recreation on Sunday to dig them out of each other's feet.

Of all the vile insects on earth, the Berne fly is the worst. She lays her eggs inside your flesh and hatches three very ugly insects an inch long with three rings of bristles round the body and sharp nippers. They take about six weeks to develop under your skin, then commence to turn somersaults just when you want to go to sleep after a hard day's work in the sun. The natives of Brazil adopt a novel way of extracting the brute when full grown. They tie on a piece of raw pork, and the Berne comes out of your skin and takes a header into the piece of pigskin.—Ceylon Observer.

The Water Beetle.

The great carnivorous water beetle, the dytiscus, after catching and eating other creatures all day, with two minute intervals to come up, poke the tips of its wings out of the water and jam some air against its spiracles before descending once more to its sub-aqueous hunting grounds, will rise by night from the surface of the Thames, lift again those horny wing cases, unfold a broad and beautiful pair of gauzy wings and whirl off on a visit of love and adventure to some distant pond, on to which it descends like a bullet from the air above.

When people are sitting in a greenhouse at night with no lamp lighted, talking or smoking, they sometimes hear a smash as if a pebble had been dropped on the glass from above. It is a dytiscus beetle whose compound eyes have mistaken the shine of the glass in the moonlight for the gleam of a pond.

At night some of the whirling beetles, the shiny beetlelike creatures seen whirling in incessant circles in corners by the bank, make a quite audible and almost musical sound upon the water.—Spectator.

The Lustrous Pearl.

Pearls, as most readers know, are small bodies found either in the mother of pearl shells or those with a nacreous lining. They are formed either by a disease, by the presence of a parasite or by an effort on the part of the mollusk to rid itself of some foreign substance which has found its way into the shell.

Pearls are composed of many layers of carbonate of lime with organic matter between and are not always pearly throughout and invariably have some small central core or nucleus. Round pearls of fine luster and color are very valuable, and their value increases rapidly with their size.

This tear compelling tale is from the London Globe: "A young lady bought a dormouse. After keeping it for some time she had occasion to send a present to a friend and utilized the dormouse for that purpose. A few months later the friend wrote to say that the pet did not seem very lively and was refusing its food. Would she come and inspect it? She came and inspected it and finally, feeling that this was a case for professional opinion, called in a vet. The vet's verdict was brief and to the point. The dormouse had been dead just six months."

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS



Mesmerizing a Rooster.

I knew a little boy who used to perform this trick very successfully. He had a bright young rooster, of which he was very fond, and which he often brought into the house.

He would hold the rooster on his lap, and with a piece of chalk draw lines from the tip of its bill to the back of its neck, pressing very lightly with the chalk.

At first the rooster would appear sleepy, and then would nod its head very drowsily, and finally to all appearances go fast asleep.

If put upon the floor the rooster would remain standing, but with its eyes fast closed. Then the little boy would bring a light near to the rooster's eyes, and it would stretch its neck and crow a great many times, as if the sun were just coming up, although its eyes were closed all the time.

Then this young mesmerist would lightly tap the rooster's bill and spurs with a lead pencil. The rooster would immediately ruffle his neck feathers, flap his wings, thrust his spurs and go through all the motions of a furious fight.

He would keep this up until stopped by being lifted from the floor and then set down again.

When the little boy would give the usual call which summoned the chickens to their meals the rooster would try his best to pick holes in the floor, thinking he was making a fine meal of corn. If a few pieces of grass were brushed against his face and some buttons dropped upon his toes he would scratch away at a great rate, as if doing his best to destroy a garden. Doesn't it seem surprising that a rooster should have such an imagination?

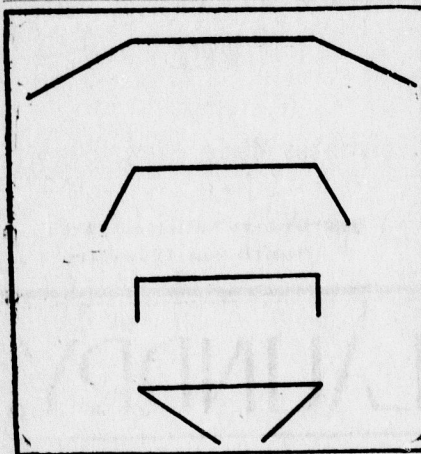
The rooster was awakened by stroking the feathers on the top of his head backward and then giving him a slight jolt and setting him upon his feet.

It is curious that the more he was mesmerized the easier it became and the more things he would do. And it did not hurt him in the least. He grew so large and handsome that he was finally sold for a fancy price.

An Optical Illusion.

Very deceiving is the queer optical illusion which comes from a scientist in one of the government departments at Washington, and which is herewith reproduced.

You would think at first glance that



VERY DECEIVING DIAGRAM.

the horizontal lines were not of the same length, but as a matter of fact they are. It is only another illustration of how short lines running at various angles lead the vision astray and make you think that what you are looking at is different from what it actually is.

Bora Ought to Know.

That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are essential to the part in the world of a gentleman or gentlewoman. That roughness, blustering and even foolishness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

That muscular strength is not health. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.

That the best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and to his God.

Ways of Telling Time.

From our Philippine possessions has come an account of a primitive device for recording time which deserves a place among the lost list of contrivances for that purpose, says the Youth's Companion. It is used by the natives during certain sports. They bore a hole in the bottom of a coconut shell and let it fill with water. At a certain point it suddenly drops to the bottom of the basin. This calls "time."

Many were the plans for recording the flight of the hours before the coming of the clock. The most famous was the hour-glass, which was made of various sizes and capable of recording with tolerable accuracy almost any given interval of time, although seldom one greater than an hour.

This system of keeping time was so long in use as to give rise to the solemn warning, "As the sands in the glass, so our life doth pass." Certainly this is more picturesque than it would be to say, "Like the ticking of a Waterbury watch."

The burning of candles was another favorite device. Lines were drawn at different elevations for the fractional divisions of the period which the candle recorded. There was also a very inge-

nious water clock, which is even now occasionally seen in museums. The sun-dial, for marking true astronomical time, was much in use in early days. It told nothing in cloudy weather and in our latitude would not be strictly accurate except on a few days in the year. Its accuracy at other times would be a varying quantity.

There is no surer test of an industrial civilization than the general desire to know the time of day. The late Henry Drummond told of carrying a watch to a great chief in the interior of Africa as a present, thinking it would be greatly prized. To the chief it was simply a mechanical toy. He cared nothing for knowing the time of day.

Must Have a New Cow.

A lady frequently sent her 5-year-old son to a neighbor's for milk. One day, wanting some sour milk, she gave him the pail and said: "Charlie, go over to Mrs. Smith's and get a pint of sour milk."

Charlie looked surprised, and said: "Why, mamma, has Mrs. Smith got a sour cow, too?"

Burned Like a Fire.

Little Bessie had been burned several times and was warned to keep away from the stove. One day while in the garden she chanced to be stung by a bee and running to her mother exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I didn't know the bugs carried stoves with them!"

Minnie Would Pass Them On.

"When are you going to have the measles?" asked a visitor of small Johnny, whose little sister had them.

"Just as soon as Minnie gets through with them," was the logical reply.

Poor Billy Pony!

The pony was shedding his coat, and when 4-year-old Helen noticed it, she ran into the house exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, come and look at Billie. He's all moth-eaten."

THE COUNTING MANIA.

Men Who Keep Tabs on Sidewalk Cracks and Telegraph Poles.

"I have fallen into the strangest habit in the world," said a newspaper man who lives down below Canal street, in a part of the Old Quarter, "and I am often greatly embarrassed on account of the thing. The counting habit has become a perfect mania in my case. I would give anything if I could quit it all. I want to count everything. I do count everything. One day recently I was walking home, and I must have been going at a pretty rapid pace, for when I came to my senses—for, really, I had lapsed somewhat on account of a certain mental violence—I was about to burn up.

"Hello, old fellow," said a friend of mine, as he patted me on the back. "By the way, what on earth are you walking so rapidly for?" he continued.

"Well, sir," I said, "I will be very frank with you about it. I am simply rushing along here like an idiot counting these telegraph poles. I have been counting them for some time, and I always rush from one to the other, just like there was immediate danger of the next pole disappearing before I could get to it."

"My friend laughed heartily at my embarrassment.

"You are not the only man who does foolish things of this kind," he said. "I just met Jones on Canal street, and he was walking very rapidly, with his head down, and he wore the most serious expression I ever saw on his face. Jones is usually jocund, you know, but he was evidently in a deep brown study—and I do not mean to make any pun on names, either. I asked Jones what the matter was and he replied that he was counting the cracks in the sidewalk."

"So I am not the only fellow who indulges the useless habit of counting things. Really, it is very common. I have heard of many men who would count the number of steps home, or the number of cars they would pass, or other objects, just so they could indulge the habit of counting things. Sometimes it is a trifle annoying, but there is no harm in it. Sometimes it is unconscious work, and I find myself actually thinking vigorously about some serious business matter while keeping tab on the number of telegraph poles as I glide by them."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Purity of French Elections.

Venality is wholly exceptional in the French election, whatever may be written to the contrary by the literature, who is accustomed to taking striking exceptions as type, says M. Charles Seignobos in the International Monthly. There are not in all France more than 20 electoral districts in which the election is carried by money. I could point them out one by one. They are in the environs of Paris, in the country places of the Pyrenees and of the Alps and in the Center. It is true that the conservative candidates often believe themselves obliged to incur large expense, but the electors, even when they profit by them, continue to vote according to their opinions. Money holds very little place in the electoral life of France.

Unreasonable

"I really don't know what to do," said the vivacious woman. "It is very difficult to please the world."

"What is the difficulty?" asked her husband.

"People are so unreasonable in their comments. If you tell all you hear they say you are a gossip, and if you don't, they say you are stupid and commonplace."—Washington Star.

Some men use all the material they have at hand in making fools of themselves.

All women are born equal, but some spoil it by getting married.

WOMAN'S REALM

CAREER OF MISS ORMEROD.

TO the girl or woman who complains that the farm offers no facilities for intellectual or scientific pursuits, the successful and honorable career of Miss Eleanor Ormerod, who died a few weeks ago at her residence, Torrington House, St. Albans, England, is an effectual reply. Miss Ormerod was a famous entomologist, than whom few men, and no other woman, ever did as much for the benefit of the British farmer. Her researches saved millions of damages to the crops from insect pests. Miss Ormerod began to interest herself in entomology as far back as 1853, and in 1868 was awarded a medal by the Royal Horticultural Society for a collection of specimens, drawings, models, etc., illustrative of insect depredations. From that day onward Miss Ormerod's studies of economic entomology and her services to science and agriculture were persistent. In 1881 she accepted the office of special lecturer on econ-



MISS ELEANOR ORMEROD.

omic entomology at the Royal Agricultural College, and became consulting entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society in the following year. Among the most important of the books she published may be enumerated her "Handbook of Insects Injurious to Orchards and Bush Fruits," her "Report on the Warble Fly," and "On the Insects Causing the Finger and Toe Disease in Turnips and Cabbages," and her "Textbook of Agricultural Entomology, with a Practical Means of Preventing Insect Ravages." A busy, useful life has now come to an end, but her work will remain, a benefit to agriculture and to science for all time.

How One Woman Makes a Good Income.

This year I have added another branch to my business. I have had a number of pretty aquariums made according to my ideas, and propose stocking them to order. I have bred other little animals suited to aquariums in my pools, and as I will have quite a number of them to sell this season I look forward to a big business and larger returns than ever before. The first year that I sold fish, before I really began to raise them for the purpose, however, I cleared \$50. The next year my profits mounted up to \$600. Last year, the second year of my venture, I made \$1,500. That was a snug little income for a woman who has a house of her own, and consequently no rent to pay; but I am ambitious to make two thousand, and unless the unforeseen happens I will make that amount this season.

As to advising other women to take up the breeding of goldfish as a livelihood I should find it difficult to know just what to say. Fish, like other living creatures, should be studied to be successfully managed, and unless a woman is willing to learn their habits—what is good for them and what is not—she should not attempt it.—Lafayette McLaws in the Woman's Home Companion.

Latest Virot Hat.



This is a Virot hat. It is of strips of white felt, each overlaid with white malines. Black velvet drapes the brim and the wings are in black and white.

Simple Lotions to Purify the Skin.

The difference in constitutions is so great and the predisposing causes so varied that it is impossible to give a remedy for one that shall suit all. A simple and harmless one consists of: Precipitate of sulphur.....one drachm Tincture of camphor.....one drachm Glycerine.....one drachm Rose water.....four ounces Apply as needed.

A sulphur mixture taken internally is effectively used in combination with above lotion. The proportions are as follows:

Powdered sulphur.....two ounces Cream of tartar.....one ounce Molasses.....one pint Mix until very smooth. Take a tablespoonful three mornings in succession;

then omit for three mornings and take again for three more, until the mixture has been taken nine mornings. After a week or ten days the doses may be repeated.

Sulphur opens the glands of the skin and draws impurities to the surface therefore it is wise to wait until settled warm weather before taking this old-fashioned remedy, as when the pores are open colds are more easily contracted.

"Green" (or potash) soap is frequently employed to wash the face in severe cases of pimples. The strong alkali contained in it neutralizes the oil of the skin. It will parch and wrinkle a dry skin, but a few applications often materially help to eradicate persistent comedones and acne. A little toilet vinegar used after it will counteract the smarting if too severe.

Steaming the face is to be commended in case of pimples and blackhead, only—never for wrinkles. Its tendency is softening and relaxing, therefore it induces the pores to yield up their hardened contents.

After the skin has been thoroughly cleared of the blemishes under discussion massage is often necessary to refine the skin and close the enlarged pores which have been distended by the retained secretions.

A little simple tincture of benzoin dropped slowly in rose water until it becomes milky in appearance is excellent as an astringent.—Stella Stuart in Ledger Monthly.

Saving Things.

There is an old saying, "Three moves are as good as a fire," in the filtering out of household goods and the lessening thereof. Applied to the multifarious savings of the attic and cellar the sentence is literally true, for no one, however courageous, can move often and carry along the vast accumulations which the saving man or woman will heap together.

The sensible woman is the woman who will consider all these things when any article from kitchen to drawing room is about to be banished from its original use. All the tenets of economy will arise before her and cry, "Save," but, on the other hand, she should marshal an array of common-sense argument, and she should never, however great the temptation, yield to saving anything which has not at least half its usefulness still undisipated.

Velvet Bracelets Worn.

Fifty years ago the belles of Paris used to wear coquettishly a black velvet bracelet, and no one who did not possess one could be considered fashionable. The ultra-fashionables of the present day have revived the style. The up-to-date bracelet, however, is a more stylish affair than its predecessor, having loops and ends edged with diamond or pearl ferrets hanging from the left wrist, while a bizarre ornament clasps the hand itself close round the arm. Nothing shows off a white hand better than black velvet and the same may be said of the black velvet neckband which is also in favor, studded with jeweled ornaments or art nouveau flowers. French women rarely appear décolleté without some form of a band around the throat, usually a tucked piece of tulle or velvet the same shade as the dress.

The Emergency Girl.

The emergency girl is a valuable addition to the camping-out party. It is not always necessary, in these days of much distribution in print of good suggestions, to be original in discovering a way out of a dilemma, so much as to be observing and to remember and apply what one gathers up. Such a girl at a camp cottage recently distinguished herself by evolving ice cream with the aid of an old nail keg, ice and a glass fruit jar used as a freezer, says Harper's Bazar. To be sure, she had to take the freezer out of the ice every little while to stir it with a long-bladed knife in lieu of anything better, but in the end a delicious ice was evolved that, eaten in the heart of the woods, was pronounced perfection.

A Seashore Necessity.

A generous supply of witch hazel should go into the outing outfit, particularly if one's destination is the seashore. Its use for the sunburn that comes from sea bathing is especially valuable. Bathe the face and arms freely with it, its properties being not only to relieve the first burn, but to harden the skin, making it less sensitive to future similar inflictions. A lotion recommended for ordinary tan is made from a pint of rosewater, half an ounce of pulverized borax, and an ounce of strained lemon juice. With this mixture the skin may be freely bathed after exposure to the sun.

High Heels a Menace.

High heels, which are considered to be responsible not only for corns and bunions, but also spinal troubles and other diseases, are no modern invention. High-heeled shoes were first worn at the court of Louis XIV., and as the heels were as much as five inches high walking was not only difficult, but painful. Then, as now, women knew that "pride must be pinched," and, accordingly, they stuck to their high heels and bore the pain with a bravery which was worthy of a better cause.

Not on Your Life.

Even the woman who is a chronic bargain-hunter doesn't select a husband who is reduced.—Philadelphia Record.

AGRICULTURAL



For Fastening Horses.

With some horses there is always constant trouble when they are at the manger, by getting their feet over the rope which fastens them to the stall. Of course, this can be obviated by shortening the rope, but this is not advisable where the horse is locked up for the night after the feed is put in the box, for the short rope does not give him the opportunity of lying down in a comfortable position. The trouble indicated can be remedied by use of a halter ring fastened on the strap going over the nose of the horse instead of under the jaw as usual. The rope is



GOOD HORSE FASTENER.

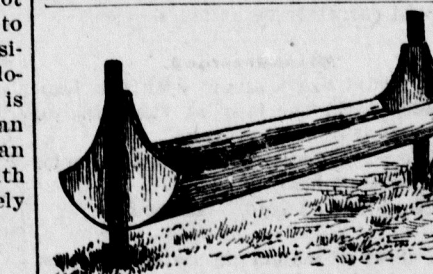
attached to this ring, and then run through a staple in the wall directly in front of the horse in the back of the manger, as shown in the cut. By attaching a weight of some kind to the end of the rope to keep it taut, there will be no trouble caused by this rope getting in the way, for when the horse moves toward the manger the weight will carry the rope down. The weight should not be heavy enough to inconvenience the animal when he is lying down at the full length of the rope.

Care of Winter Apples.

Apples marketed during the winter always bring a much higher price than when offered for sale just after harvest. Of course, it is well understood that it is impossible to keep apples through the winter for the high prices of early spring unless they are kept in cold storage, but with an ordinary storehouse, or a good cellar, it is possible to keep the fruit several months longer by handling it properly. It should be carefully picked from the tree, and be free from imperfections or bruises. In putting it into the barrels, the barrels should be laid partially on one side so that the fruit may be turned into it from a small basket and roll to the bottom rather than fall. In this way there is little chance of the apples becoming bruised. Great care should be taken to see that the fruit is so packed that there will be little or no space between the specimens, and they should be packed into the barrel as firmly as possible without enough pressure to bruise them. After the barrel is filled, it should be carefully hooped, and the head put in so that it will hold the top layer firm, but not with much pressure. Apples packed in this way can be kept until midwinter easily if stored in a building where they will not freeze, and where the air is reasonably dry.—Indianapolis News.

Simple Swinging Trough.

I have a feed trough which I made myself out of a piece of galvanized iron, writes a correspondent of Poultry Keeper. It is three and one-half feet long. To make it, get two pieces of wood and shape them to fit the inside of the trough for the ends as shown in the diagram. Nail well with lath nails. If you want one for water, make it shorter, and before putting the end pieces on paint a piece of cloth and place between the end pieces and the trough. Then after you have your end pieces on, get a piece of lath just long enough to fit between the ends and nail it lengthwise just above the level of the



SWINGING TROUGH.

trough. This will keep the chickens out of the water. Put two eyes on the top of the end pieces to hang it by. Drive stakes in the ground just far enough apart to let the trough swing. Put pins in the top of the stakes to fit the eyes on the end pieces of the trough. The top of the trough should be about six inches above the ground. You can use your judgment about painting it. If you do, put some water in it and let it stand about a day before allowing the chickens access to it.

Fall Planting.

With nearly all fruit trees, except peaches, which must be planted in the spring, there is to be said in favor of fall planting, that the soil can be put

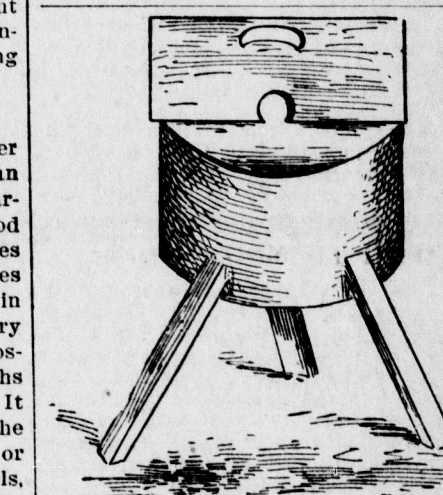
in better condition at less expense of time and labor than in the spring. The planter generally has more time to devote to the work in the fall, and hence can do it much better. Then, too, the trees from the nursery are generally in better condition than after they have passed through a winter. The nurserymen also have fewer orders in the fall, and can give more care to filling orders at this season, and generally furnish better stock. Even with the more tender sorts it is possible to give them needed protection during the first winter by throwing a furrow toward the trees on either side. Unless there is a large area to be planted and other work seriously interferes, everything is in favor of fall planting.

Breaking Dry Ground.

In our haste to break fallow land for wheat we often break the fields when the dry weather has so hardened them that the plow throws the surface into a mass of clods, with little or no soil to act as a seed bed. While early breaking for wheat is very important, the greatly increased labor of breaking dry land and preparing it for planting should have considerable weight in determining whether or not the ground should be plowed when dry. When broken ground consists of nothing but large clods, it is not fallow land. It will not hold moisture until the clods are mashed into fine soil. As a rule, the breaking of wheat ground should be delayed until it may be done when the turned soil mellow from the plow. It is very important to be ready to do such work when the proper conditions do prevail, for good rains may be followed by sufficient drought to make the ground work cloddy again.—Exchange.

Block for Cutting Corn.

When it is necessary to cut the ears of corn into small pieces for economical feeding, unless one has a device for it, there is considerable danger of the person cutting the corn being injured. One plan is simply to attach a board to a chopping block, cutting a hole in one edge large enough for the ears of corn to pass through on to the block. This



BLOCK FOR CUTTING CORN.

board should be about ten inches wide. By slipping the ear of corn through the hole, the chopping is done on one side of the guard, while the ear of corn is held on the other side, so that it is impossible for one in any way to injure the hand holding the corn. An opening in the board above the hole is made for convenience in handling the block.

Flavor in Half-Grown Chicks.

There is considerable complaint every year on the part of consumers that the half-grown chicks marketed as roasters have a very undesirable flavor. There is no doubt that in nearly every case it is due to a poor quality of food given the growing chicks. Meals of various kinds, usually cornmeal, is fed largely to growing chicks in some sections. When bought at the low price it is generally found that it is filled with worms. This sort of food given to chicks will taint the flesh every time. It is hard to understand why those who raise fowls for market will persist in buying cheap foods. If the chick is worth raising at all it is worth being fed on the best obtainable. If given the best grains in variety, and a good grass range, there is no reason why the flavor of the growing chick should not be all that is desired.—Exchange.

Prevention of Interfering.

The interfering of horses can often-times be remedied, especially if the animal interferes in front. The feet should be trimmed so that they are level, and the animal should be shod with a small outside calkin at the heel outside. The inside heel should be plain and short. Have the calkins placed on each side of the shoe about two inches from the toe. Interfering sometimes comes from general debility of the horse, and when this seems to be the case the animal should be brought up in every way possible, feeding it on oats and bran with good hay. Of course the interfering which is brought about by general debility, is caused by the weakness of the ankles. This, however, is not often the case.

Tobacco Decoction.

Tobacco decoction for use as an insecticide can be made by reducing some of the extracts now on the market or by boiling cut or broken stems until a thick brown extract is obtained. One pound of tobacco stems should yield one gallon of extract in two hours' boiling. If it boils down to less, add water to make up before using. Strawberry plants may remain in this mixture for several minutes and need not be washed off after being taken out.

The Story of a Woman's Suffering.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was suffering terribly. At times the pain was almost more than I could stand. My heart would nearly stop beating and I would get cold and numb. My husband thought many times I was dying and did not dare to leave me alone. I also suffered severely at times of menstruation. I had tried several doctors and they told me that they had done all that medicine could do. In the face of all this, and to the astonishment of my family and friends, your remedies cured me. I am now well and do the work for eight in the family. I feel very grateful for my recovered health, and constantly recommend your medicine."—MRS. CARRIE BELLVILLE, Ludington, Mich.

The record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is written in thousands of such letters as Mrs. Bellville's. When during its whole career of thirty years no physician has to our knowledge criticised this medicine adversely, and thousands are daily prescribing it in their practice, should you, who know less about medicine than they, say, "Oh, I do not believe it is any good?"

Mrs. Pinkham advises women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. No woman knows the truth about women's ills as thoroughly as Mrs. Pinkham, and no medicine in the world has done so much good as

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

\$5000 REWARD

We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letter is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission. —LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

"Didn't one of the Roman emperors appoint his horse a Senator?" So history says. "And does it also say that when it came to voting it always voted 'neigh'?"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

If turkeys are fed regularly once a day, near the house, they will form a habit of coming home at that hour, however large their range.

A PUZZLING CASE

That Has Attracted Wide-Spread Attention in Medical Circles.

From The Item, Lynn, Mass.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in doctors' bills by those afflicted with epilepsy and, very frequently, it has been in vain. It so often happens that the doctors do not strike at the root of the trouble. A cure which was easily effected, after physicians had failed to accomplish any permanent results, is that of Miss Annie R. Herbert, of No. 607 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass. After years of suffering from the terrible affliction she was made well by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She makes the following statement:

"I was a victim of epileptic fits and spasms of the nerves from the time I was two years old until I reached the age of seventeen, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured me. Ten well-known physicians of Lynn treated me at different times but none succeeded in helping my case. I have even been to the Lynn Hospital but the physicians there failed to cure me, so you can see it was a disease that puzzled a good many doctors.

"My illness at times caused racking headaches and an awful dizziness made my head swim. I had what the doctors called spasms of the nerves about four times a day. The blood would rush to my head and a feeling come over me so that I wouldn't know what was going on around me. The spasms left me very weak. During one year I had eight epileptic fits.

"At last when all the efforts of the doctors had proved in vain I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and hardly three weeks had passed before I found they gave me great relief. I continued using them faithfully and in six months I was entirely cured and have no return of my illness since."

Signed, MISS ANNIE R. HERBERT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, 1901.

THOMAS F. PORTER, Notary Public.

The pills which cured Miss Herbert are a specific for all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

"Have you read my new book?" asked the author. "No," was the reply. "I have been ill, and the doctor has warned me to be careful."

KODAK AGENCY H. B. HOSMER carries a full line of Kodak photographic goods. Developing and Printing Specialty. 388 Market St., N. Y.

IF CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION write to NATHAN BICKFORD, WASHINGTON, D. C. They will receive quick replies. 5th NH Vol. Staff 25th Corps. Prosecuting Claims Since 1878.

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PISOS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Bantley's Cough Syrup. Bantley's Cough Syrup. Bantley's Cough Syrup.

Today drink some "Castelwood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

TWO RED ROSES.

Why Both Women Felt Better After an Explanation Was Made.

There is an innate satisfaction in the possession of the genuine. On the other hand, there is a grateful sense of superiority in having got the better of some one in the palming off of the artificial. So it is really rather difficult to decide offhand whether it is more pleasing to exhibit the true or the spurious. As a matter of fact, the latter is of such skillful contrivance these days as to make it almost impossible of detection.

At a recent Saturday evening "at home," a function at which the ever present chafing dish plays an important part, the appearance of the hostess was admirably set off by the delicately tinted tea rose, fragrant, modest and bewitching, which peeped out from the artistically arranged coils of copper colored hair. Wherever the hostess moved, there moved masculine admiration and feminine envy. The rose, with its unassuming scent, was just the touch necessary to the success of the Grecian toilet.

Among the guests was a young matron of classic features and raven hair. As it happened, she was the only one of the invited who wore a rose in her hair. A blood red specimen gleamed and shone in the folds of its dusky environment, and the woman was very good to look upon as she moved across the room. Others had carried bouquets in their hands, but she alone wore a rose in her hair.

Yet she was not happy. She felt that the hostess had outstripped her in the matter of hair ornament. When admiring glances were turned her way, she heeded them not, because she imagined they were comparing glances and not signs of approval; that their casters were contrasting her unfavorably with the hostess, who wore the tea rose. And so, after a time, when the hour for going home came, the young matron was moved, in spite of herself, to concede to the hostess:

"Good night, dear. And how charming you looked with that lovely rose in your hair."

"Oh, I am so glad you liked it," said the other in an embarrassed sort of way. She hesitated a minute, glanced at the red rose on the head of her guest, and then said, "Of course you know it is an imitation."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the caller.

"Yes, and I have been embarrassed all evening thinking how unnatural it must look beside your lovely red rose."

"Oh," said the young woman, in a burst of unwonted frankness, "mine's artificial too."

And all the way home she felt better than she had felt during the evening.—New York Herald.

An Atchison druggist tells this story and declares that it is true: He had tonsillitis, but did not send for a doctor, as he knew he would be all right as soon as the swelling "broke." But his wife was worried and insisted on sending for a doctor. When the doctor arrived, he looked through his medicine case, and said he had nothing suitable for the patient; that the medicine he had was for the right side, whereas the swelling in the throat was on the left side. Then he hurried away to get his left handed medicine.

Wrenched Foot and Ankle Cured by St. Jacob's Oil.

Gentlemen: A short time ago I severely wrenched my foot and ankle. The injury was very painful and the consequent inconvenience (being obliged to keep to business) was very trying. A friend recommended St. Jacob's Oil, and I took great pleasure in informing you that one application was sufficient to effect a complete cure. To a busy man, so simple and effective a remedy is invaluable, and I shall lose no opportunity of suggesting the use of St. Jacob's Oil. Yours, truly, Henry J. Doers, Man'gr. The Cycles Co., London, England. St. Jacob's Oil is safe, sure and never failing. Conquers pain.

"We have a society typewriter girl." "What had she done?" she comes down to work dressed up as if she were going to a party."

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Sure to be arrested!—any ache or pain—by Hamlin's famous Wizard Oil. Your druggist sells it.

E. H. Hoon This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Consolation for the ladies.—The world abounds with him perfections.

Catarrh The cause exists in the blood, in what causes inflammation of the mucous membrane.

It is therefore impossible to cure the disease by local applications.

It is positively dangerous to neglect it, because it always affects the general health, and is likely to develop into consumption.

Many have been radically and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the blood and has a peculiar alterative and tonic effect. R. Long, California Junction, Iowa, writes: "I had catarrh three years, lost my appetite and could not sleep. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now have a good appetite, sleep well, and have no symptoms of catarrh."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is better not to put off treatment—buy Hood's today.

Written Chinese is practically uniform throughout the empire and has hardly altered during the whole course of Chinese history. The spoken language, on the other hand, is constantly changing.

Mem. for Good Health. Today drink some "Castelwood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

LONGING.

Ah, if you knew how soon and late My eyes long for a sight of you, Sometimes in passing by my gate You'd linger until fall of dew, If you but knew!

Ah, if you knew how sick and sore My life flags for the want of you, Straightway you'd enter at the door And clasp my hand between your two, If you but knew!

Ah, if you knew how lost and lone I watch and weep and wait for you, You'd press my heart close to your own Till love had healed me through and through, If you but knew!

—Mathilde Blind in New York Tribune.

An Afghan Trick.

During a shooting match in the presence of the governor of Kandahar the sirdar noticed to his astonishment that the heads of sparrows were the favorite butt of the marksmen, who but seldom missed their aim, whereupon he declared that it was far more difficult to hit an egg. Sir Peter laughed at the supposition, but the sirdar stood his ground, and the matter was put to the test. An egg was suspended on a wall, and the soldiers fired at it; but, strange to say, not one of them hit the egg.

The governor and his suit kept their countenances and excused the non-success of the firing party on the ground of the difficulty of the thing. At last a ball happened to hit the thread to which the egg was fastened, and it fell to the ground without breaking. Now the mystery was solved. The cunning Afghan had used a blown egg, and the featherweight shell had been moved aside each time by the current of air in front of the ball and thus escaped being hit.

Healthy Trees.

The time in the summer at which the leaves begin to turn is a tolerably sure indication of the soundness of the tree. Some trees will keep their foliage green until September, while the leaves of unhealthy trees will begin to show signs of turning brown or yellow in August.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Asa Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE OF ASA WOOD. PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE. WET WEATHER WISDOM! THE ORIGINAL TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING. WILL KEEP YOU DRY NOTHING ELSE WILL TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. CATALOGUES FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 60.

MRS. JONES' FLESH GROWER. Price \$2.00. This is the genuine. It increases flesh on any part of the body, develops bust, and makes round, plump face and legs. Removes all blackheads, tan, freckles, pimples, flesh for agents' terms. MRS. E. JONES & CO., Offices 610-611 Inter Ocean Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

CANCERS Tumors, Wens and Skin Eruptions permanently cured for less money than any doctors on earth. Our method never fails. Come to our hospital and be cured. Examination free. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. DR. J. L. HANNON AND ADDIE EPPS, 12 Turk St. San Francisco, Cal.

PHOTO Bargain List. 22 pages genuine Snaps. Photo Goods, Magic Lanterns, etc. T. E. ANDREWS, 105 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

is BEST TIME TO CURE Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption. Our remedy is GUARANTEED. \$1.00. P. O. Box 978. W. H. SMITH & CO., BUFFALO, N. Y. S. F. W. U. NO. 42, 1901

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Fac-Simile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fitch
NEW YORK.
35 DROPS—35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fitch
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

He who has no bills to pay, belongs to the highest order of no-bill-ity.

For pimples, sallow complexion, impure blood and poor digestion use Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills. They improve complexion and cure constipation. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

A man may think he knows it all, but after he marries his wife can tell him a few things.

Advice to Students. To Whom It May Concern: The best College to attend for the purpose of becoming practical stenographers is, in our judgment, the Callagher-Marsh, Parrott Building, 8 F. Cal. Ernest A. Gurvin, L. A. Washburne, W. J. Nicholson, Official Reporters Supreme Court, State of Cal. Send for catalogue.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When some would-be singers have their voices tried, they certainly ought to be shut up. Taken before bed time Gilt Edge Whiskey will break up any cold. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

The Best Prescription for Malaria Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c. Once a girl hears someone say she's pretty, the whole world cannot deceive her.

A floating population—Noah and his family. Pico Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Long absence makes the heart grow fonder—of some one else.

CLEANLY WOMAN. Erroneously Thinks By Scouring Her Scalp That She Cures Dandruff.

Cleanly woman has an erroneous idea that by scouring the scalp, which removes the dandruff scales, she is curing the dandruff. She may wash her scalp every day, and yet have dandruff her life long, accompanied by falling hair, too. The only way in the world to cure dandruff is to kill the dandruff germ, and there is no hair preparation that will do that but Newbro's Herpicide. Herpicide killing the dandruff germ, leaves the hair free to grow as healthy Nature intended. Destroy the cause, you remove the effect. Kill the dandruff germ with Herpicide.

"Mr. and Mrs. Titwillow seem to get along amicably." "Yes, Titwillow is a peace-at-any-price-man."

TO OBTAIN A GOLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills cure sick headaches, constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, purify the blood. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

Of course the barber expects to wait upon a good many rough customers.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP. 10c 25c 50c ALL DRUGGISTS.
taste good. Eat them like candy. They remove any bad taste in the mouth, leaving the breath sweet and perfumed. It is a pleasure to take them, and they are liked especially by children. They sweeten the stomach by cleansing the mouth, throat and food channel. That means, they stop undigested food from souring in the stomach, prevent gas forming in the bowels, and kill disease germs of any kind that breed and feed in the entire system. are purely vegetable and contain no mercurial or other mineral poison. They consist of the latest discoveries in medicine, and form a combination of remedies unequalled to make the blood pure and rich and make clean skin and beautiful complexion. tone the stomach and bowels and stir up the lazy liver. They do not merely soften the stools and cause their discharge, but strengthen the bowels and put them into actively, healthy condition, making their action natural. never grip nor gripe. They act quietly, positively and never cause any kind of uncomfortable feeling. Taken regularly they make the liver act regularly and naturally as it should. They keep the sewerage of the body properly moving and keep the system clean. Increase the flow of milk in nursing mothers. If the mother eats a tablet, it makes her milk mildly purgative and has a mild but certain effect on the baby. In this way they are the only safe laxative for the nursing infant. taken patiently, persistently, will cure any form of constipation, no matter how old or how often other remedies have failed. They are absolutely guaranteed to cure any case, or purchase money will be cheerfully refunded. cost 10c, 25c, 50c a box. Samples sent free for the asking. We publish no testimonials but sell Cascarets on their merit under absolute guarantee to cure. Buy and try a box to-day, or write us for free samples and booklet. Address: STERLING REMEDY CO., CHICAGO or NEW YORK.

CANDY CATHARTIC
SWEETEN THE STOMACH
PURELY VEGETABLE
LIVER TONIC
MILD BUT SURE
BOON FOR MOTHERS
CURE CONSTIPATION
NEVER SOLD IN BULK

AMERICAN CLUB WHISKEY

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

:::

—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

—Consignments of Stock Solicited.—

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.